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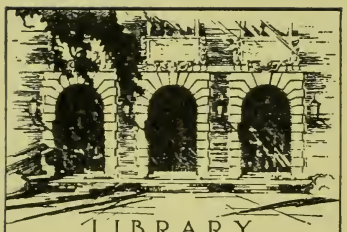

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MARION.

BY

MANHATTAN.

ONLY AUTHORISED EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. III.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND CO.,
66, BROOK STREET, W.
1864.

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HARRILD, PRINTER, LONDON.

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MARION.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Wilson has a Son.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, after their marriage, continued to reside in the house purchased for Mrs. Nordheim in West Washington Place. Mr. Wilson was a kind, careful, parental sort of husband, and every day's experience convinced the wife that she had acted most wisely and well when she gave her hand to the worthy book-keeper. Nearly a year elapsed after the marriage, when Mrs. Wilson presented her husband with a charming boy. The birth of this little fellow opened a new source of happiness to the parents —he was a new bond of attachment, and bound their hearts together closer than ever. When the little fellow was about two months old, and the strength and health of the mother was fully restored, Mr. Wilson asked his beautiful wife if

she would be pleased if he gave up business altogether. She laid her babe in the wicker cradle, and gazing at her husband a moment, said,

"Ah, Wilson, you cannot deceive me. You have a motive for asking that question, but I will answer it plainly. I wish you would give up business, or if you wish to do business to employ your time, do it in a prudent manner and in your own name."

"That, wife, is precisely what I am coming at. But it will be necessary to get off with the old love before I get on with the new. Things are prosperous now. The house of Granville and Wilson have made money, and I have contrived under various pretences to withdraw from the concern a considerable amount and invest it in securities in my own name. I think there will be a crash in the commercial world before long, but by submitting to some extortion I think I can get out of the concern now, with the capital which you placed in it and about half as much more as I am entitled to for my share of the profits. I can also make Granville cancel or secure me for all outstanding liabilities," observed the prudent Wilson.

"Then, my dear, do so as speedily as possible. I am a great believer in luck, and there is none where Mr. Granville is concerned," said the wife.

In pursuance of this understanding between the husband and wife, Mr. Wilson proposed to Mr. Granville a dissolution. He made it in such a way, and it appeared so much to the advantage of Mr. Granville, that he instantly acceded to it —and thanks to the good financial management of Mr. Wilson, the firm were in a situation to give him back in cash all that he had put in, and twenty-five thousand dollars for his share of the profits.

Granville knew that the apparent profits were four times that amount. Mr. Wilson calculated that the losses for the next year, under more unfavourable circumstances, would eat up all the profits. Mr. Granville also was able to give security for the outstanding liabilities of the concern, and Mr. Wilson signed the dissolution, giving the closing up of the affairs to Mr. Granville.

Thirty days made Mr. Wilson free from all further responsibilities, and he retired on his laurels, and devoted his whole time to the wife and child. The cash that he received he invested

in real estate, and placed it in the name of his wife. She was a woman who could appreciate a delicacy like this, but she made no comment upon it.

From the very day that Mr. Wilson withdrew from the concern it seemed as though the prosperity of Mr. Granville declined. He met all his liabilities and engagements promptly, both for the old house and the new, and every month Mr. Wilson re-transferred to his old partner stocks and other securities.

Then a commercial crisis followed. Mr. Granville seemed to lose money by every operation. He had done a very heavy commission business, and held a large amount of business paper, a large portion of which was protested as it become due. His losses were tremendous, but he bore up stoutly under them; and although he lived higher, drank a great deal more than usual, and relaxed much in his strict business habits, yet he appeared to hold his own, and his commercial credit stood unimpaired, although it had a terrible shaking. He felt that he had consented to a dissolution too hastily. But he kept a brave heart, and was not a man to be moved by trifles. He became a grandfather too of a fine boy about

the time that Mr. Wilson had a son. This son of his daughter Isabel was a new source of pride to the old merchant.

He regretted that the grandson was not Walter's child, so that it could bear his own honoured name of Granville. Then the proud father wondered what had become of his son—whether he was dead, or would ever turn up again. His wonderment was destined to be solved, but in a manner that was almost a death-blow to the aristocratic parent. The events that led to this discovery we will narrate hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

Pledging a Watch—Simpson of Chatham Street—Colonel MacNeil pledges his Duelling Pistols—A Scene at 46, Centre Street — Marion gets Scared—Finds the Count Falsechinski—He gives the Colonel One Hundred Dollars—O'Doemall watches the Loan, and follows the Colonel to Harrison Street.

Marion had a beautiful gold watch, which he had purchased of Allen, in Wall Street. It was a good watch—solid gold, lots of jewels—and cost one hundred dollars. The chain and other outrigging cost thirty dollars more. About once a month some stern necessity would compel him to part with this costly affair temporarily. He detested borrowing when he was short. It is a horrible degradation to an independent mind. When Mr. Monck had occasion for a small sum he would go openly to Mr. Simpson, in Chatham Street, who ought to be regarded as an institution of New York. He is supposed to work for a large per centage. Grant it. He ought to get a much larger one. Who earns it so dearly?

Simpson ought to charge more—he would do so, did he not find a large reward—

> In his calm and manly breast,
> In his blessed daily task
> Of pledging the distressed,
> Raising up the *broken* ones,
> Short as pie-crust now;
> *Bleeding* drops of deep remorse
> From an anguished brow.

His frequent visits attracted the attention of the elder Simpson, and on one occasion he observed to Marion Monck, "Do you give your real name when you pledge your watch?"

"I do, sir. I am not ashamed of it. Why do you ask?"

"Mere curiosity. Nothing more, I assure you," replied the pawnbroker. "Most people sneak in here as though they had been robbing a hen-roost, and felt mean. I am not ashamed of my business; and I like a customer who comes openly to me and says what he wants; and if I can let him have what he needs I do it without any chaffing. Now I've given you twenty-five dollars on that watch. If you had wanted fifty dollars you should have had it," said the pawnbroker.

"You are a man of business, Mr. Simpson.

Egad, you must see a good deal of the undercurrent of life. I would like to be hired by you for six months, just for the sake of studying human character. But don't you get taken in sometimes?" asked Marion.

"Indeed we do. It requires one to keep his eyes open to do this business and make anything by it. We have so many rogues to deal with that we regard every man as a rogue until we are taught better by experience. We hear some sad stories—some heart-rending stories. We don't know whether they are true or not. Some doubtless are, but 'we have no time to examine,'" replied the pawnbroker.

"Those who love to relieve suffering would find lots of opportunities, Mr. Simpson, if they would watch those who came in here for relief," said Marion.

"Indeed you never spoke a truer word. Did you notice a very beautiful girl, who went out just as you came in, neatly but poorly dressed? She pledged two sheets for twenty-five cents. She wanted fifty; said it was to get food for a sick mother until she got her pay next Saturday night, when she would return the money. She is a bookfolder. Her mother and she can sleep

between blankets—do without sheets—can't do without food. I am a blessing to that girl; but for me, where would she go to keep her mother from starving? On the town!—where else?" emphatically demanded Mr. Simpson.

"You are a philosopher. I wish I had known how she was situated; she should not have wanted a few dollars to help her along in her dreary walk," said Marion, kindly.

"Oh, yes! I dare say; and you would have wanted something else before you finished with her. Young men are young men. I make it a point never to speak of what I know in reference to young females who come to my shop. Were I to do so, I should be the cause of the ruin of a great many. Now I know that young girl's address; she gave it true; it is on the duplicate ticket for the two sheets. You seem to be a little better than these seducers about town; but do you suppose I would put you in the way of temptation, and, having told you how destitute that girl is, tell you also where you could find her? No, sir; you would go, relieve her, get her gratitude, talk marriage and honour, and all that sort of lying nonsense, and—probably I should not see her again until by and by—after

the lapse of a year, she would come here, rouged like the red sides of a peach, to make a raise on a gold watch or a silk dress. No, sir; I don't do business that way. I don't trust such secrets to anybody," said the conscientious broker.

"But, my dear sir, you don't suppose I am such a sort of person, or that I would use information so obtained against a young and beautiful girl?" replied Marion, a little angered and mortified.

"I do not know what you might do. I do know that you will not get any information from me about it. Poverty to a young and attractive girl is a fearful thing anyhow; but it is her defensive armour only so long as prowlers don't know it. When a bad man is aware that a girl and her poor mother are in a state of starvation, he has the game in his own hands, if he chooses to run it down," said the pawnbroker.

In the pawnbroker's shop of the worthy Simpson there is a long counter, but at the extreme end there are some three or four cubby-houses, opened to the counter, but with high sides; and when the door of this little pigeon-house is closed, it can be locked inside, and the party occupying it can keep

partially concealed. Just as the pawnbroker had finished about the girl, a person entered hurriedly, and passed into one of the boxes. Marion was startled—he thought he had recognized the person, although he had but a glimpse of him as he passed. The party handed to the pawnbroker a dark-coloured mahogany box, saying—

"How much can you let me have on these?"

Simpson opened the box, for the key was in it.

"They are hair-trigger duelling pistols," said the applicant.

"Old-fashioned affairs—out of date. Wouldn't sell for much," replied the pawnbroker.

"They have been used on two melancholy occasions with deadly effect," observed the applicant.

"Have a sort of historical value, have they? But it don't count much with us," said Mr. Simpson.

"That identical pair of pistols, sir, was used in the duel between Burr and Hamilton, and more recently in a duel between Colonel Graham and Mr. Barton," observed the applicant.

"You are Mr. Barton, I suppose?" asked the pawnbroker.

"I am not, sir, but I was a second to that

gentleman when his opponent was killed," replied the applicant.

"Indeed! How much do you want on them? If they had been used to murder all creation, it wouldn't make 'em worth a mite more in this shop," said Simpson, very coolly.

"I dare say it would not; but those pistols must have cost over eighty guineas," urged the applicant, and added, "I want twenty dollars upon them."

"Can't do it—will give you ten, if that will do;" and the pawnbroker turned to another customer.

"Give it to me, then, and take them," said the applicant.

"Your name and residence, sir," asked the pawnbroker.

"Smith—46, Centre Street," was the reply.

"First name?" asked the pawnbroker.

"William," was the reply.

The tickets were arranged, and the applicant took his departure.

"Good-bye, Mr. Simpson," said Marion Monck.

"Good-bye, sir. Come in again—glad to see you," replied Mr. Simpson.

No sooner was Marion Monck out in the street, than he addressed himself thus:—"Poor Mac!

This will never do. I am hard up, but he is worse off, or he would never have pledged those redoubtable duelling-pistols of his, which he exhibits with so much reverence. What can have happened ?"

He hurried up to Centre Street, and there he found the Colonel sipping a glass of liquor, as though nothing had happened.

"Egad, I will not mortify him so much as to tell him I am aware of his visit to the pawnbroker's," thought Marion; and as he approached Colonel MacNeil, who was so short-sighted that he could not distinguish a face before he heard the voice, he exclaimed, "Good morning, Colonel; how do you feel this morning ? Anything new ? I will join you in a drink. I collected some money this morning, and am quite flush."

Saying this, he pulled out a roll, and without waiting for a reply to his first salutation, gaily remarked, "If you want some, Colonel, help yourself—but I know you never want money."

"My dear boy, you were never more mistaken in your life. I do want money—I want just twenty dollars. I have ten—see it—and—I will help myself to a ten from your pile—if you can spare it, that is ?"

"Easily, my dear Colonel, and as long as you want it," added Marion.

"No, I don't want it very long. The fact is, Marion," and here the Colonel lowered his voice to a whisper, "I have had a hard time of it lately. Things have all gone wrong. I am getting quite discouraged. I have a home with the proprietor of this store—old porter of mine when I was rich, you know. Always kept some cash in his hands, and I hate to borrow without being able to repay, eh? Safe rule that, eh? Keep one horse saddled and one in the stable, eh?" said the poor Colonel.

There was an unusual wildness about Colonel MacNeil as he said this, which Marion was very sorry to perceive. He discovered that the Colonel had been drinking very freely the day before, and he was so nervous that he was obliged to take three stiff drinks while Marion was with him, to steady his nerves. Marion felt inclined to give the Colonel a few words of friendly advice, and to caution him against excessive drink; but he had hardly spoken a word respecting it, when MacNeil uttered the sentence, "Boy, stop! Not a word more, or never dare speak to me again!"

Marion was silenced. He was awed by this

wreck of humanity, who was so much older, and who had seen so many vicissitudes in life; and he mentally resolved never to open his lips again upon the subject, no matter what occurred. He felt it to be useless. For a proud man who has become addicted to drink, and continues it to excess, is the last man in the world to permit old friends to discuss such a subject, or to give him any advice. He regards it as a wanton insult, and would affront the only remaining friend he had on earth to resent such interference.

There were in that place other persons well known to Colonel MacNeil, and also to Marion. One of these, whom we have alluded to as Charley, the clergyman's brother, was a very sensible and a very practical man. Loss of business, of property, and utter hopelessness, had led him to abandon himself to drink to drown sorrow, but he had a limit which he never exceeded. He never went to bed sober, but he managed to eat his meals regularly, and this gave the rum he drank something to feed on. Mr. Charles addressed Marion, and requested to speak with him alone. Marion retired to the back of the store, and both took seats upon a pipe of mixed gin.

"Mr. Monck, I want to tell you that our friend

the Colonel is going it *too* strong. He can't stand it. If he don't let up a little he is a croaker. His constitution is cracked."

Marion asked in some alarm if anything of importance had recently happened.

"O no, except the Colonel has been keeping up a tremendous head of steam, and until a very late hour. I heard him say this morning, when he came down, that he had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. When he took his first drink this morning, I had to help him steady his glass to get it to his lips. He was very shaky, I assure you. It can't last long," observed the good-natured Mr. Charles.

"Good God, I should think not! But what can be done? I don't like to say anything. I did speak to him just now, and he gave me a reprimand that I shall not forget in a hurry. I will do anything that I can do. Tell me what I can do?" said Marion.

"He ought to be placed under some restraint, sir. He can't control himself. Has he no friends that would pay for placing him in the Hospital? It is only twelve dollars. They cure him for that, and keep him from drink while he is there. If he is fool enough to drink when he comes out,

and rush it again, why, he must take the consequences," observed the prudent Charles.

"The money," replied Marion, "is of no consequence. That is easily raised. But who will broach the subject to the Colonel? If he don't see the necessity of going to the hospital he will not go, and there is an end of it."

"True, very true. But he is getting worse every day. If he don't see the necessity to-day, he may to-morrow. I will try and see what I can do. He may listen to me as I am nearly of his age. He will not to you—that is certain. I will talk to you again to-morrow;" and with this benevolent sentiment Mr. Charles put an end to the conversation by reporting himself in person to an invitation to take a drink.

Marion began to sicken of the scene. He saw Colonel MacNeil again going up to the bar for another drink. He saw even the proprietor shake his head reprovingly to the Colonel. Then Marion made his escape from the premises by a rear door. He was very anxious about the Colonel. He had received twenty-five dollars, and he had let the Colonel have ten. He went at once to his landlady, and gave her the remaining fifteen dollars. He now determined to

see the Count Falsechinski. He knew that at that hour the Count would be at Delmonico's in Beaver Street. He hurried down there, and luckily found him. The Count received him very cordially, but scolded him for not coming oftener to see him.

"I have sought you this morning, Count, to tell you about poor Colonel MacNeil. You know I like him. I this morning gave him ten dollars."

"Where did you get the money to spend on him?"

Marion's blood rushed to his cheeks, and he took out his pawn-ticket.

"There, sir. I pledged my watch to get twenty-five dollars, and ten dollars I gave poor Mac, and fifteen dollars I paid my landlady," said Marion.

"Pshaw, my boy—don't get vexed with me! I have a fixed purpose for you. It is only fair that I should pay your expenses until my plans are ripe. Here is money. Don't turn an angry look at me—I will not see it. Here are two bills of one hundred dollars each—make them go as far as they will. This money is for yourself—not for Colonel MacNeil. Still, Marion, as the

Colonel was the means of making you and I acquainted, I will do anything for him that you desire. Where can I find him? I will go with you now," said the Count.

Marion was surprised at the alacrity of the Count. He received and pocketed the two hundred dollars without any remark. The two started for Centre Street. While on the way the Count was pleasant and communicative, and talked upon a variety of topics. At last he said,

"Upon second thoughts, I do not wish you to go with me to see Colonel MacNeil. Tell me where he is to be found, and I will find him. Now go and get your watch, and join me at the Colonel's."

Marion complied with the wish of the Count's. As he entered Simpson's the second time that day, he handed him the ticket and a hundred dollar bill. Mr. Simpson received it, gave the change, and ordered a boy to go get the watch. He made no comment. Most men would have said something, as, "O you are in luck;" "Have you been robbing anybody?" or, "Found a gold mine?" but such a man was not Mr. Simpson. Commenting was not in his line. There was some

little delay attending the delivery of the watch, and when Marion reached No. 43, Centre Street, where he was to meet Count Falsechinski, he found that gentleman engaged in earnest conversation with Colonel MacNeil. Marion did not interrupt their conversation, but he was surprised. He had never noticed the Colonel in such glorious spirits. He seemed to be a new man, and perfectly sober. He remarked this fact to Mr. Charles. The latter was an old soldier. He observed in reply—

"That is all false. He is drinking upon dead liquor in his system. A gallon of rum would not have made him drunk this morning. But to-morrow—wait until to-morrow! See him in the morning! It will be dreadful, and it will be worse every succeeding day, until the Colonel has the delirium tremens. I know just how it works—you can't tell me anything about that matter. Colonel MacNeil don't eat anything—he don't sleep, and he drinks like a fish. Of course such a bad state of things cannot last long. There will be a pull up some time or another.

Having delivered these brief philosophical observations, the brother of the Trinity Church

clergyman went to take another drink to his own cheek.

Marion approached the Count and Colonel MacNeil. The latter spoke in a stern voice. "No, sir. No, sir. Not as a favour. Not as a loan from you, sir. I am a gentleman, sir. I am of the race of MacNeil. I accept the hundred dollars you are so kind as to loan me, provided you, sir, accept this ridiculous pawn-ticket for a petty ten dollars for pistols that have killed a Hamilton and a Graham."

The Count took the ticket at once, for he was afraid of a scene. "That is right, sir. We are now equals. It is a regular business transaction. You have collateral security of at least two hundred and fifty dollars for a loan of one hundred dollars. Now let us take a drink. What will you have, Count Falsechinski?" Colonel MacNeil continued.

The Count pleasantly named his drink to the bar-tender.

"Count," continued the Colonel, "did you ever see in me, sir, anything incompatible with the character of a gentleman? One of the race of MacNeil. The best blood in the Highlands in olden times, and I am proud of it, sir. You

are a blooded masculine, if Poles can have blood, Count, eh? Excuse the pun, but you are a Pole, are you not? A noble Pole. Well, success to you. Here is your very good health."

The Count replied in courteous terms, and began to look at the door, and seemed uneasy. Just at that moment Marion noticed Mr. O'Doemall seated near the chairs recently occupied by the Colonel and the Count. O'Doemall had evidently been a witness to the money scene between the two parties. As soon as he perceived that he was noticed by Marion, he came forward in his bold daring way, said "How d'y?" to Marion, and addressed both the Colonel and Count. The former bowed, but the latter treated Mr. O'Doemall with coldness, and made an excuse to leave. O'Doemall then ordered a drink for himself, and began to converse with the Colonel. Marion no sooner observed the departure of the Count than he followed him into the street, but he lost him, and concluded not to return to the drinking saloon.

The artful O'Doemall had it all his own way with Colonel MacNeil after the departure of the Count Falsechinski and Marion Monck. He flattered his vanity, and the Colonel was fast

getting too intoxicated to notice the hollowness of praise coming from such foul lips, and he also forgot the character of the man with whom he was associating.

Finally, the Colonel expressed his intention of going and spending an evening with his family.

"Family!" interrupted O'Doemall, "I did not know that you had a family. Where do they live?"

This question for a moment sobered the Colonel, who felt that he had said too much, and with a scowl at his impudent companion, remarked, "You are a rascal. Clear out at once, or I will order you to be put out."

Mr. O'Doemall went out at once, but his departure was not noticed by the Colonel. Unluckily for him that this artful scamp had again been permitted to renew an acquaintance which had ended for ever, but for his kindness to Marion Monck when sick. Mr. O'Doemall had seen the Count hand Colonel MacNeil money. He had tried to get into MacNeil's good graces, but had failed. He now determined to watch him. Shortly after Colonel MacNeil left 46, Centre Street, and passed over to the west side of Broadway. At several stores he stopped and

made purchases. Some of the smaller articles so purchased he carried on himself. The others he ordered sent to the address he left with the different storekeepers. When he had satisfied himself, he continued on his way to 27, Harrison Street, and entered the house. No sooner had the door closed than O'Doemall, who had been following him, crossed the street to the house, and, after having carefully noticed the number, he passed down the street to the dock.

"I have housed my game, and I will try and amuse myself for a short time, or until he comes out," was his soliloquy.

CHAPTER III.

Colonel MacNeil's Last Night with his Family—He has a Presentiment of his Fate, and Prepares for it—He is knocked down, robbed, and badly hurt in Franklin Street—Gets to 46, Centre Street about Daybreak—He dreads Delirium Tremens, and is persuaded to go to the City Hospital—Marion Monck goes up with him.

Colonel MacNeil's appearance in 27, Harrison Street, under any circumstances, was a welcome apparition. He carried thither sunshine and happiness. His two children were delighted, and a calm peace diffused itself through the bosom of that mother. Miss Jane McPherson was an extraordinary woman. She was Scotch, had many of the prejudices and opinions of the Scotch people; she worshipped MacNeil, and regarded his proud family and his descent as something so superior to her own, that she never blamed him for not marrying her, but framed excuses in her own heart for his conduct. Her soul was given to him and his children. If she sometimes prayed that he might marry her, it

was not from selfish considerations, or from the thought that her position would be more respectable. It was because, in her simple way of thinking, if the Colonel was her husband, he would live in the house with her and the children, and she would be able to nurse, tend, and care for him in sickness.

To the children he was affectionate and tender, and showed more marked kindness than if they had been legitimate. Both were attending the free school in North Moore Street, and were making rapid progress in their studies. In these studies the Colonel took a deep interest, and encouraged them to be pursued on every visit. He never failed to bring them presents of anything that he thought they would like, and scarcely a week passed that he did not send them a sufficiency of the best of provisions for their maintenance. He would not suffer Jane to broach the subject of money. He had not drawn a dollar from their little fund since he made the settlement upon her. On the contrary, he had added to it at one time eight hundred dollars, and in small sums to the extent of two hundred dollars more. On the occasion of this visit Colonel MacNeil was unusually kind and affec-

tionate. He kissed the young people fondly, and to Jane he seemed perfectly devoted. The good woman set out the table, and prepared a pleasant spread for him. Soon after the Colonel made his appearance different porters arrived with things he had bought that he was unable to bring himself. All seemed happy, but Jane felt a gloom that she could not account for. She had a presentiment of evil, and it was increased when the tea was over, and the Colonel handed her a package.

"Jane," said the Colonel, "we are all liable to die, and I have thought it best to write out an order for my few things in case of any accident ever happening to me. I have a valuable bureau —old family papers in it—that some day I want my son to have. It is in the rear of No. 46, Centre Street. The owner of that store has rooms in his house to rent. I occupy a small one, and in it are personal matters that I want to become my son's. I have written all about these matters in the letter I now give you. Should I die, I think it would be better that you move out of New York. It is a bad place. You do not know who to trust, and a lone, unprotected woman has a hard time of it—or if you do not

choose to do that, send for your father to come to New York. The old man would not refuse to do so when I am dead and out of the way. But mind, I do not wish to advise you against your own good common sense."

While the Colonel was delivering this melancholy address, Jane placed both hands to her face and wept.

The Colonel kindly observed, "Don't be so foolish, Jane. I have got to die some day, and I say these unpleasant things now, for they have got to be said some day, and it may as well be done first as last. With my letter to you and to the children in your possession, I feel relieved. I am rid of an unpleasant duty," and as if to confirm his words, the Colonel began to be quite merry. He told anecdotes, sang a few songs, and when he said he must go, it seemed as though the children would not let him do so. Poor Colonel MacNeil. He kissed them all affectionately, and left the house. It was near eleven o'clock, and he hurried onward as fast as possible, hoping to get as far as 46, Centre Street before Harry closed up for the night. He knew what time it was, for at the moment of leaving his children he took a gold repeater from

his pocket and looked at the hour. Then he looked at the massive chain and the seal. He had frequently explained to his son that the seal bore upon it the coat of arms of his family. He gave the watch to his son, telling him he might wear it if he would be careful of it. Then he added, playfully, "As you are going to sport a gold watch, you ought to have corresponding clothes. Let me see if I have got any money about me." He took from his vest pocket a roll of money, and counted out fifty dollars. "There, sir, that must do for you; and you, Sissy," for so he called his daughter, "you must have some, too,"—and he handed her an equal sum.

"But, Popsy, you have none left for yourself," exclaimed Willy.

"Yes, I have over twenty dollars, and that is all I need to-day, and if I get short to-morrow I will come and borrow of you rich folks, eh?" replied the father.

This had occurred before he left 27, Harrison Street, and as we mentioned before, when he got into the street, the Colonel knew that it was nearly eleven o'clock. He walked up to Franklin Street, and stopped for a moment to get a glass

of brandy in at Thomas Riley's Fifth Ward Hotel. Then he passed across to Centre Street, walking on the north side of Franklin. Little did poor Mac fear that there was an enemy on his track, watching every movement, and all for the purpose of securing his watch and the money he was supposed to have about his person. But the Colonel's thoughts were of the scene he had left, of the dear spot where he had spent the evening. He passed Elm Street, and was opposite the Tombs, on the side where the arsenal yard then stood. He felt a blow, and stars sparkled in his eyes, and he remembered no more. The first recollection after this was of partly lying on a wet sidewalk, close to the board fence. The rain was pouring in torrents. It was pitch dark. The Tombs loomed up opposite to him, and he only recognized that massive Egyptian architecture by the light of the lamp over the Franklin Street entrance. The Colonel was amazed. He remained still for some time, and tried to recollect what had happened. "I must have fallen down; but it did not rain when I was walking. It is very queer. I certainly was not drunk; and where is my hat? It must be after eleven o'clock. I

will hurry on to Harry's place. He may not have shut up yet."

These were his thoughts. With great difficulty he stood upon his feet. He could not find his hat. This annoyed him. The idea of Colonel MacNeil doing such a shocking thing as to walk through the street without his hat worried him extremely. He had never had such a disrespectable affair occur during a long life. He felt confident of one thing; he had not been so drunk as not to know what he was about. Then he kept on to Centre Street. He walked—walked—and turned and looked about him. Not a store was open, not a light visible, save the lamps of the street. His head felt queer, but he kept on. Again and again did he stop and look about him. Not a place, or corner, or house, could he recognize. At last he came to an open spot. It still rained, but as it poured upon his head, the Colonel seemed relieved. Then he found himself close to an iron railing, and he sat down upon the stone foundation. "I ought to know this spot," he exclaimed, aloud. Just then, directly over his head, pealed out the deep tones of a bell. "One," "two," "three," "four," "five," he counted, and the bell ceased to strike, and its dying notes

vibrated off into the upper air, "As I live, that is St. John's Church. This is the park, and it is five o'clock. Great God! what is the matter with me? This is the most singular thing that ever happened to me in my life. I will go to some hotel, for I feel weak." He arose with difficulty, and tottered towards Hudson Street. Here he recognized his whereabouts, and he turned down town. When he reached Harrison Street, he recognized that street, "Ah! there are my loved ones. I will go there; but no, I won't do it, either, poor things." Even in that hour of distress, sick, wet to the skin, without a hat, he preferred to suffer himself rather than discompose Jane or disturb the rest of his children. He turned up Chambers Street, and walked slowly across to Centre Street. It was becoming lighter every moment, and as he reached the store No. 46, Centre Street, Jemmy, the clerk, was opening the front door. The Colonel got inside and grasped a chair.

"What do you want?" exclaimed Jemmy.

"My God, Jemmy, it is me, Colonel MacNeil."

In a moment Jemmy closed the door and lit one of the gas-lights, and then as he gazed at

the hatless Colonel, he exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven, Colonel, what has happened?"

"Really, Jemmy, nothing particular. I've lost my hat somehow," replied the Colonel.

"Why, you are covered with blood. Your lip is cut open, and your hair, Colonel, is filled with blood."

"I am faint, Jemmy. Give me a glass of spirits—anything," said the exhausted man.

In a moment it was procured and drank.

"Examine me, Jemmy, and see what is the matter."

Jemmy examined his head. In the back were two deep cuts, from which the Colonel must have bled freely. Three front teeth had been knocked out, and the underlip was laid open, and fell down almost to the chin. Jemmy told him all this, and went and procured a glass, in which the Colonel could see reflected his ghastly, bloody appearance.

"I have had a severe fall."

"Fall, Colonel! You have been knocked down. Where is your money?"

The Colonel attempted to put his hands in his vest pockets. They were turned inside out. Not a cent was about him.

"I have been robbed," he exclaimed, "knocked down and robbed. That is it, is it not Jemmy? Well, I am thankful that I have not brought myself into such a disrespectable position by being drunk."

"Had you much money about you, Colonel?" asked Jemmy, who exhibited the deepest sympathy for the Colonel's misfortunes, and who had ever treated him with the greatest respect.

"I had, Jemmy, over a hundred and twenty dollars and my gold watch and chain last night."

"And all is gone, Colonel?" exclaimed Jemmy.

"No. Hang the rascal or rascals, they got bit, Jemmy, I left my watch with some dear friends, and a hundred dollars of my money also, so that I have only been robbed of about twenty dollars. Curse them," said the Colonel, who seemed pleased that he had done the pickpockets out of some plunder.

"Do you suspect any one, Colonel?" asked Jemmy.

"I? not one. Nobody that I know would rob me."

"Who was with you last yesterday, in this place?"

"The Count Falsechinski, Monck and O'Doemall."

"Did any one of them know that you had money, Colonel?" asked Jemmy.

"To be sure they did. Two of them gave me what I had, and they certainly would not rob me of it," said MacNeil.

"Not likely; and the third one, Colonel, was Mr. O'Doemall. You yourself called him a scamp yesterday, and ordered him out of the store. He saw that Count hand you the money. I will bet all the money I have in the world, that Mr. O'Doemall was the man who knocked you down and robbed you," exclaimed Jemmy.

"Pooh! pooh! Jemmy. That can't be. John O'Doemall is a hard case, but he would not commit a robbery. Besides, how could he know where I was to be found last night at eleven o'clock?" exclaimed Colonel MacNeil.

"Well, Colonel, there is no proof of it, but my opinion cannot be easily shaken, that the fellow O'Doemall robbed you last night; but I must open and put the store to rights," said Jemmy.

"And I, Jemmy, will go and change my dirty linen and wash up."

When the Colonel got back to his bureau and

the glass, he discovered that he was severely hurt, and the wounds pained him extremely. He washed, changed his linen, arranged his hair, and even while performing these operations he called to Jemmy to bring him a glass of brandy and sugar.

It had now become broad daylight. The rain had cleared off, and the sun was up. It was a beautiful day. Presently Harry, the proprietor, entered the store. He was the Colonel's old porter, and he was much attached to him. He heard the Colonel relate what had happened, and his sympathy was so much excited that he went at once to a physician and brought him to the store. The doctor sewed up the lip with a single stitch. He dressed the wounds in the back of the Colonel's head, but the Colonel continued to grow worse, and he felt very weak. He drank again, and then Harry called his attention to the fact in this manner.

"Colonel, we are old friends, and I advise you to let up a little. You have received two or three very ugly wounds, you have a great deal of liquor in your system, and I am afraid that you will bring on inflammation of the brain or some other thing, unless you give way a little."

The Colonel for once was cowed. He was not himself, and was frightened.

"I know, Harry, all you would say. I feel as though I shall have a fit of the horrors. I want to stop drinking, God knows, but I can't. I must drink this morning. See how my very hand shakes, and yet I have drank four glasses of brandy this morning. Try and get me something that will lie on my stomach. Make me an egg nogg, and put three raw eggs in it. Don't be alarmed, Harry. I have drank so much recently, that all I can get down now will not make me intoxicated. It only brings me up to an even keel. I am drinking upon dead liquor. If I were to knock off suddenly, I should die," said the Colonel.

Harry went and procured the egg nogg, and MacNeil got it down.

"Now MacNeil," said the good-natured rum-seller, "don't drink any more for some time."

"I will not—indeed I will not; I will keep quiet," said the Colonel—and he honestly intended to do so.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Marion Monck arrived. He too had drank to excess the evening previous, and went at once to the bar to procure

"a hair of the dog that had bitten him"—in other words, to get a mint julep. He had just finished drinking it when Jemmy pointed out the Colonel in the rear of the store, and told him what had happened. Marion was shocked, and went at once to the Colonel, who appeared very glad to see him.

"I am very ill, Marion," said he, in a low tone of voice. "I feel I am getting worse every hour."

"Anything that I can do to relieve you, Colonel MacNeil, I will do cheerfully and willingly. Here comes Mr. Charles."

The latter approached, and after expressing his sympathy, exclaimed,

"Colonel, you must be attended to without delay. You are in a bad state; why not allow us to take you to the hospital?"

"The hospital!—why, my dear fellow, I have a horror of that place; but perhaps you are right. Can I have a room there?" asked the Colonel.

"Certainly. Good physician, good nurse, and all that sort of thing. It will only cost twelve dollars to enter, and I don't think you will be there a week. A few days' nursing will bring you round all right," replied Charley.

"But the money, man! I was robbed last night, and have none left."

"Not a word about that. I have plenty, and will go at once to the hospital and make arrangements for your reception. I know them all up there, and it will be all right," exclaimed Marion.

"Good boy—fine boy. Do as you please; and Charley, you will remain with me; don't leave me till I go up there, eh?" was the Colonel's request.

"No, old fellow, I will stay by you; never say die. You are worth a dozen dead men yet," said Charles.

"Charles, you are experienced. I have a dread of having the delirium tremens—a horrible dread of it. Now if I go to the hospital, and they cut me off short with tod, God knows what will become of me. If they let me taper off, give me a little now and then to keep the nerves braced, I think I shall get over it, eh?" pleadingly put in poor Mac, who was awfully scared, and well he might be.

"They know just what to do up at the hospital; have no fear, Colonel. But here comes Marion. Well, what success?" asked Charles.

"I have paid the twelve dollars, informed

Mr. Roberts about you, and at any moment, when you are ready to go, we will accompany you. You need not take any things, for I will come and see you every day," replied Marion.

The Colonel drew a long sigh, then cast a look at the bureau, and exclaimed, "Good bye, old mahogany. I don't know that I am doing right. I feel bad, and sadly perplexed. I have an idea that I shall never see this place or my old bureau again. I will die game, though, if I am to die—but I must have a drink before I start. Jemmy, make a stiff glass of old brandy and sugar. Suppose you all join me—who knows but it may be my last drink ?"

The drinks were taken all round. Harry, the proprietor, approved highly of the course that the Colonel had determined to pursue. He was afraid that he should have trouble, and he had no idea but that the hospital was the best place for the Colonel under the circumstances. All hands talked cheeringly to the desponding Colonel, until at last he felt cheered up himself. He shook hands with all except Marion and Mr. Charles, who were to accompany him to the hospital, see him safe inside his room, and then return.

They reached the open gate on Broadway, and the Colonel halted for a moment, and looked up and down the street as though he expected to see some one. Then as he passed the inner gate where the gatekeeper's house is, Mac observed, "I hope my case in entering this gate is not like one of those where 'he who enters here leaves hope behind,' eh? I hope I am not in that category, Marion?"

Marion replied soothingly, and yet he felt embarrassed. He did not know that he was doing right, and he could not make up his mind that he was doing wrong. If, for a moment, the least idea had flashed across his mind, he would have faced about, and taken the Colonel back to 46, Centre Street. The party reached the office, and directions were given to conduct Colonel MacNeil to a certain ward. A nurse was sent for, and he led the way, followed by the three persons. When they reached the right ward the nurse opened the door, and all entered. The door closed, and Marion noticed that it locked itself.

The Colonel, as soon as he saw where he was, exclaimed, "Why, this is not a single room! I am not going to remain here!"

The nurse replied readily, "Oh, certainly not. We will have a room ready for the gentleman presently. He can remain here for the present, and he had better lie down for a moment." This was said kindly, and the Colonel, who was completely exhausted, observed—

"Well, I will lay down a moment. Marion, Charles, you need not remain. I may sleep a moment. Come back to-morrow, Marion—hear?"

Marion said he would do so. The nurse applied a key to the door, opened it, and as the two passed into the hall the door closed and locked again. "I am not exactly pleased with all this business. Why is not the Colonel's room ready?" asked Marion.

"Nonsense. He will have no room except that or the inner lock-up. Why, that is the delirium tremens ward, and there Mac will be kept until he dies or gets over it," coolly replied Mr. Charles.

"Good God! You don't mean to say there is any danger of his dying of delirium?" asked Marion.

"He is pretty near it. He will have the delirium tremens most certainly. He may die.

He may not. But he may as well die in that room as in the street. Besides, with all the rum he has got in his blood, and the bad cuts upon his head, he will have a bad time of it," said Mr. Charles.

When the two reached Broadway, they separated.

CHAPTER IV.

Thomas Granville—A Genteel Loafer's Daily Record—Cheap Lodging Houses—The Liberal Stranger—Tom in Funds once more—The Stranger Walter Granville places him at the Hotel de Paris—Dialogue between Walter Granville and Miss Norris about Tom.

After the return of Thomas Granville from Europe, his fortunes became desperate. He seemed past hope. He had been down upon the ground. The human car was off the track. The President of the United States — stern old Hickory—had picked him up, placed him on solid ground, and started him a new man. He went out Consul to a city in France, and could have restored himself to position, wealth, and influence. Under the sad guidance of Clara Norris, he had ruined his reputation, squandered his property, and completely used up those friends who had re-rallied about him. He had not been in the City of New York many days before he had fully realized the contrast between holding an official

position, having plenty of money, and recognized by respectable relatives, and the loss of all these advantages. How he lived, no man but himself ever knew. He managed sometimes to make a few shillings by singing at a garden concert, or a free concert in some bye street. He went to such places, and performed under an assumed name. He might have used his real one; no one would have troubled his head about him. Sometimes Tom was almost in despair, for he really suffered. He went to haunts frequented by old friends and acquaintances. There he could always obtain a drink, and nibble a cracker and cheese. As days passed on, matters grew worse, instead of better. It was rare that Tom Granville had over a quarter. He had no regular place to sleep, but found a bed in some lodging. If he had three shillings, he went to Tammany Hall. If only a quarter, to a neat lodging-house in Pearl Street, near Broadway. If only a shilling, Tom went to a lodging-house in Chatham Street, near Duane. There he got a bed in a room where several others slept, and Tom had to be satisfied. It was better than sleeping in the Park, or walking the streets in a cold winter night. Sometimes Tom would be the delight of an audience in

a low bar-room, where liquor was sold for three cents a glass, and his droll stories in a dark room in a lodging-house to the other queer lodgers in the various beds, would make the occupants scream with laughter, and their first questions at daybreak would be for the funny man who had told stories or sang songs in the dark the night previous. What a happy disposition, that amid scenes like these, and hardships even worse than we have narrated, could keep up its elasticity.

There was scarcely a low-priced lodging-house in the lower part of New York that had not had the honour of having, as a lodger, Thomas Granville. Occasionally there would be adventures of a very ludicrous character.

Late at night, on one occasion, Tom found that he had a solitary shilling left. He wanted a drink badly. The place in which he found himself was a three cent shop in Cross Street, kept by Peter Melville. There were several loafers around the stove, for it was a bitter cold night. Tom knew them all, but not one had a cent, and business was at a dead stand. The excellent Melville showed symptoms of closing up. Tom was dry. He was as dry as a pump is said to be when there is not a drop of water in it. He de-

termined to have one more drink, anyhow. The landlord looked untrusting. Tom drew near the bar.

"My Lord Melville, will you give me a glass of your most excellent, I might say exquisite, whiskey?"

"Have you got the money to pay for it, Tom?" asked the proprietor.

"Excellent Melville, I regret to say I have not, but assuredly, if you will trust me until this hour to-morrow, by Hercules the three cents shall be in your hands," said Tom.

"I won't do it," replied Melville.

"Inexorable Melville, say not so. Remember, worthy son of the land where Wallace bled, that 'Tis a little thing to give a glass of Scotch whiskey. But its draught of warm refreshment, drained by chilled lips, will give a shock of pleasure to the frame more exquisite than when wine its nectarine riches pours.' Ah, stern man, pour out one glass, for poor Tom's a-cold."

The comic look which Tom gave the keeper, as he pronounced these words, upset the Scotchman's gravity. He handed over the decanter to Tom, and told him to help himself. "But no more, Tom, to-night," he added. Tom drank off

the wine, and then continued: "'Tis a little thing to speak a word of kindness, but falling upon the ear of him who thought to die unmourned, it sounds like gentlest music. You have spoken that word to me, my Melville, and I thank you. Good night," and Tom felt in his pocket to see that his shilling was safe to pay for his lodging, and then hurried out into the cold air to go and seek his lodging-house. He paid his shilling, and hastened up to the room, where he found a dozen men in different beds. He selected one that was unoccupied, and was soon fast asleep. In the morning he was up by daylight, for he was almost crazy to get a drink of water—grog—anything. He hastened down stairs. There was a bar in the room, and pie was kept upon a plate at one end of it. The boy was dressing when Tom came down.

"I'll let you out in a moment, Mister," he said.

"Hurry, then," replied Tom, and he put his hand in his coat pocket.

The boy had his eye upon him.

"None of that. I saw you. Put that back again," said the boy, as he approached Tom, angrily.

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?" said the unconscious Tom.

"You just put that piece of mince pie back on the plate, or pay me two cents for it," said the boy, in a very determined manner.

Tom began to understand. "Why, you impudent son of a gun, do you mean to insinuate that I have taken any of your nasty pie?" exclaimed Tom, indignantly.

"I know you put it in your pocket. I saw you when you did it. Fork over," said the boy, or rather the young man, for he was full grown.

This was too much for our philosopher Tom. The young man seized him, and Tom then gave him a blow which sent him reeling. In a moment he had unlocked and opened the door, and was in Chatham Street, and he ran as if for life. He felt how ridiculous it would be to be arrested for knocking the fellow down, and to be charged, too, with stealing two cents' worth of mince pie. He, Thomas Granville, ex-Consul to a city in France! He ran the faster as he thought of all these things, and never stopped until he was near Melville's, where he had spent the previous evening. Melville's place was not open, but a few doors below there was a grog-shop

opened. In his emergency, Tom entered that, approached the stove, and took a seat. How the slightest circumstance will sometimes effect a change in one's whole life. Jemmy, the bar-keeper of Harry, had just opened and fixed up the place. He made an observation to Tom that it was a cold morning. Tom replied, and then roared with laughter. Jemmy was not exactly pleased, and Tom good-naturedly related the pie story and his narrow escape. The comic manner in which Tom related it was inimitable, and Jemmy joined in as chorus. Jemmy then invited Tom Granville to take a drink. The invitation was most cheerfully accepted. Jemmy was pleased. He also took a drink. It was cold outside, and they were seated by a warm fire. Its genial influence warmed our Tom, and in less than an hour he had Jemmy so completely fascinated that Tom could have been treated with the whole shop.

Tom had no coat, and his clothes were seedy. His boots were nearly gone, and his shirt, it had not been changed for a month or more. His hat shone bright, but it was napless, and yet Tom was as merry this cold morning as if he had the wealth of Astor. Later that morning customers

began to arrive, and Jemmy had to go behind the bar, leaving Tom puffing a cigar at the stove, and seemingly quite happy. Just then a customer of a different character entered the place, approached the bar, and ordered a drink. He wore a fur cap and a bearskin overcoat. He had partly finished the drink he had ordered when his eyes rested upon the pleasant face of Tom.

"Great God! it cannot be possible!" he exclaimed, and then, with the glass in his hand, went and sat himself in a chair next to Tom Granville. "Excuse me, sir, but is not your name Thomas Granville?" asked the stranger.

"I was once Sir Thomas Granville, Esquire. I am now Tom Granville, or plain Tom, at your service,"—and a comic smile played over his expressive features.

"When have you seen your brother Pitt Granville?" the stranger asked.

"Pitt—yes—my brother Pitt. Oh, it is a long time since I have seen Pitt, but it is much longer since *he* has *seen* me," said Tom, with feeling.

"Then you and your brother have quarrelled, eh?"

"No, sir. I never quarrel with my brother. He has, for good reasons, I dare say, done with

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me. That is his business; not ours, sir," said Tom.

"Suppose you join me in a drink, Mr. Granville."

"Mr. Granville! Certingly, with pleasure. Jemmy, a glass of hot toddy; my private bottle, you understand. I am much obliged to you, sir," said Tom.

"You once had a nephew, Walter Granville, what has become of him?" the stranger continued.

"Ah, there you touch me. A fine boy—a noble boy; gone to sea. Unheard of for years. Dead probably. The good aye die young. A family affair, sir. Here is to your very good health," said Tom. Had he noticed the stranger, he would have observed that he appeared to be very much affected.

"Your own wife, Mr. Granville, where is she?" asked the stranger.

"In Baltimore, living with her grandmother. She is divorced from me," replied Tom.

"So I have heard. What ever became of one of her sisters?" asked the stranger.

"Which one? She had several," asked Tom.

"Madison Pinckney," said the stranger, with feeling.

"Oh; she married a young fellow named Charles Wharton, and has moved to Columbus, Ohio. A very good match, I am told. Have you got any more questions to ask? If you have, propel ahead. I am ready to answer to the best of my ability," observed Tom.

"No; I have no more to ask about your family. I have one to ask about yourself. Suppose, Mr. Granville, that I, a stranger, should say to you, 'Mr. Granville, go with me to different stores. Buy an overcoat, a coat, a vest, a pair of pantaloons, a pair of boots, a new hat, shirts, underclothes, socks, a necktie, and anything else that a gentleman needs, and I will pay for them,' what would you reply? and what would you think of me when I, as I do now, make you such an offer?" said the stranger.

"I should say *yes*, and I should think that you were a particular d——d fool," replied honest Tom.

"Perhaps I should be; but why do you think so, Mr. Granville?" pleasantly asked the stranger.

"Because, sir, I am poor. I am dead broke. I don't have food half of the time. How long do

you think, under such circumstances, I should keep my good clothes? Why sir, in less than a week, or a month at most, those articles would all go to a pawnbroker, and I should fall back upon the old rags, sir. That is truth—don't you think it is, Jemmy?" said Tom, as he appealed to Jem, who had been an attentive listener for some moments.

"It may be, but if the gentleman makes you the offer I would accept it. It won't do you any harm to do so," said Jemmy.

The stranger rose. "Come, Mr. Granville, and go with me. When you have all these things I have named, then we must try and get some money, or food, or a place to board. One thing at a time. Will you go?" he asked.

"I will—but first let me ask who you are?" said Tom.

"Call me Smith until we are better acquainted," replied the stranger.

"Well Smith, you are a devilish good-looking young fellow, but decidedly mad. I will go with you."

The parties left the place, and left a wondering set of people in it. Jemmy the bar-keeper was

the most astonished of all. He could not make it out.

It was near midday before Tom Granville and his friend Smith returned to 46, Centre Street. Thomas Granville was a different person. He was dressed like a gentleman, and his actions did not belie his dress. Every article was new, and of the finest quality. The stranger evidently did not do things by halves. He ordered drinks for all in the room. When they had been taken, he said to Thomas Granville, "Now sir, I will bid you good bye; but I will meet you at your hotel this evening at precisely seven o'clock. Remember what you have promised, and don't break it. Good bye."

Tom shook his head, and after he had left, he observed to Jemmy, "That chap is mad—quite mad."

"What did he mean by your hotel, eh?" asked Jemmy.

"Mean? Why I am stopping at a hotel. It is Vigin's French Hotel de Paris, corner of Reade Street and Broadway, No. 34—best room in the house. Paid my board one month in advance, thirty-two dollars—eight dollars a week, eh? See the receipt. What do you think of that, Jemmy?" said the delighted Tom.

"Who can he be? What was the promise?" asked Jemmy.

"Smith is his name—I promised not to get *very* drunk, but to be sober at seven o'clock this evening. Bless your heart, I will be as sober as a judge!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Tom.

"He is a good friend," observed Jemmy.

"He gave me ten dollars, and advised me to pay what I owed here, or any where else in a small way. How much do I owe you, Jemmy?" asked Tom.

"Not a red cent, Mr. Granville. You are perfectly welcome to what you have had," replied Jemmy.

"Thank you, Jemmy. But what a breakfast we had at that French hotel! Oh my! That Smith understands good living. He is a perfect prince," exclaimed Tom.

We must now follow the stranger. He had no sooner parted from Thomas Granville, than he turned his course to Bond Street, and entered the house of Mrs. Woodruff. He walked upstairs, and entered the front room on the second floor. There was a lady in the room, who rose as he entered.

"A thousand thanks, dear Clara, for enabling

me to do a good deed. Oh, if you knew how far that hundred dollars has gone! But sit down, and let me tell you all about poor Tom."

She listened, and he related the particulars of the interview which our readers are aware of. She wept, and at last observed,

"If it will only do any good, I shall be glad. I do it and will do more—but mind me, Walter, it is for you, not for Tom. I have come to hate him—to *hate* him," she repeated, emphatically.

"Never mind your motive, dear Clara. You have enabled me to benefit my uncle, and I thank you for so doing," said Walter Granville, for he was the stranger that had so electrified the crowd at No. 46, Centre Street.

"And will Tom come up here to-night with you?" she asked.

"He will, and then I will tell him who I am, and that I should not have been able to do what I have but for you. Now let us go and walk. Are you ready?" said Walter.

"I will be in half an hour—remain quiet until then." And she left the room.

CHAPTER V.

The New York City Hospital—A Sad Chapter—Colonel MacNeil in the Delirium Tremens Ward — Stern Treatment of Patients in that Ward—The Attack of the Maniac upon the Resident Physician—The Colonel Chained—His Death—The Body in the Dead-house—The Horror of Marion Monck—Distress in Harrison Street—The Body of the Colonel taken to his Home.

Those who pass up and down Broadway in the great city must have noticed on its west side the dark, gloomy building known as the "New York Hospital." Seen from the street, it looks like some gloomy old castle, with its iron railing, the green lawn, the venerable elms, and the gate-keeper's lodge. It is a pleasant place to look at from the outside, and but few are aware of the horrors that are daily witnessed inside. The stabbed, the accidentally injured, the suicide who has only partly done his work, the almost maniac, on the eve of delirium tremens, pass inside those iron gates without notice or comment. Sailors

who have paid United States Hospital money, no matter what may be their disease, are entitled to be received into that hospital free of charge, to the extent of one hundred at a time. The sick or wounded man who can raise twelve dollars to pay the admission fee, can find a home and medical attendance until he is cured by medicine or death. In either case he pays no more than the twelve dollars.

In the basement floor of what is called the north building is one large room, capable of holding five or six small iron bedsteads. The door has a strong spring lock, and fastens of itself. The large window to this room is strongly barred with great stout iron bars, that no human strength can wrench or tear asunder. There are three doors that lead out of this room. One opens into a cell, where there is no window. Nothing but four solid walls, and an iron bedstead. Not an article of furniture else is in this room. Another door leads to a bath-room. Here, too, the windows are barred with iron stanchions. Another opens into the nurse's room, and this door also closes with a spring lock, and like the main-door, has to be opened with a key.

This room or ward is called the delirium tremens ward of the hospital. Into this are thrust those patients who are brought to the hospital labouring under this fearful malady, or when it is suspected that it will break out, from the fact that the patient has been drinking freely, and has suffered, or is suffering, from want of sleep. This is the most fearful ward in the hospital; and the nurse, as a matter of self-preservation for his own life, and the lives of those entrusted to his care, is a man of experience, and perfectly hard-hearted. He knows no feeling, until actual observation has convinced him of the danger, or absence of it, in a new patient. No mildness, no manner or language of a perfect gentleman, no money can disarm for a moment the fear of the nurse for a new comer. The moment a patient is committed to his ward, he is aware that madness is the main complaint, and he is on the watch for its appearance in any shape or at any moment. His doors are locked. His eyes are as watchful as a cat's. He orders a new patient to undress and go to bed. Frequently the patient refuses. Force is at once used, and he is placed on the iron bedstead, and every particle of clothing is removed to the nurse's

own room. If the patient becomes more obstreperous, he is at once pinioned to the bed, or a straight-jacket put upon him, and a hand chained to each side of the bed. This confinement of itself would almost drive a sane man mad. If the patient becomes raving, then the scene is changed. He is passed into the dark cell, where the solitary iron bedstead is, and where no article of furniture can be found to aid him in self-destruction. Then the patient may yell with horror, or utter screams that thrill the stoutest nerves, or die in madness. The door is strong, the walls are thick, and but little is heard by others, however fearful the agony. Sometimes the patient tires out the patience of the nurse, and then he forgets the rules, and beats his patient into submission, until death takes up the cudgels, and finishes what the indignant nurse had only begun.

The regular house physician, or the visiting surgeon, never enter this ward without fear, and a full appreciation of the danger. As a consequence, when a patient is placed in this ward, the very circumstances attending his being there, or the mere fact that he is there, shuts him out from all human sympathy and kindness. The

poor inebriate who is suffering the horrors of abstinence from drink, who needs kind words, and encouragement, and soothing, gets none in this ward. He sees others chained down to the iron beds—he hears the horrid screams of the one in the dungeon—he sees them die in beds alongside of his own—he hears the fearful screams, until death seals the lips. If he had not the seeds of delirium already in his blood, all these things, and such horrid surroundings, would make him mad. Many hundreds of worthy men, who have died unlamented in the delirium tremens ward of the hospital, might now have been alive and well, had the friends or relations who placed them there have exercised a little forbearance and a little kindness. That treatment of a man who has been drinking until his nerves are burning wires, who cannot sleep, which suddenly cuts off the spirit which has caused the difficulty and the danger, and leaves the shattered nerves to sustain the additional horrors of confinement among madmen, is murder—and such is the practice hourly in the delirium tremens ward of the New York hospital.

Blessed be those gallant, glorious men who have inaugurated a new era in this matter, who

have started into existence the "Inebriate Asylum."

When Colonel MacNeil was placed in the ward we have been describing, and left there by Marion Monck and Mr. Charles, he laid down upon one of the iron bedsteads. He dozed for a few moments, and then rose up.

"Lie down," said the nurse Patrick.

"Who are you addressing—me? Where is my room, sir? I will not remain here any longer," said the indignant Colonel; and he marched proudly to the door. Of course he found it fastened. "Open the door, sir," he continued.

Nurse Patrick went to another door, and called to a sort of assistant. The other man came.

"Look here, Colonel, you must take off your clothes and go to bed. We are not going to have none of your nonsense here," said Patrick.

"Where is my room, sir?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, blast you and your room! This is all the room you will have in this building. Come, strip, or I'll do it for you," said the nurse, and he approached the Colonel, who stood near the door.

"Stand off, I say! or if you touch me I will

make you suffer for it. I have never heard of such impudence!"

The Colonel, as he said this, placed himself in an attitude of defence.

"Help me, Bill," exclaimed Nurse Patrick; and at the same moment he suddenly jumped upon the astonished Colonel. He was overpowered in a twinkling, and the nurse and his assistant flung him on his back upon the vacant bed.

"This is outrageous!—infamous!—where is the superintendent? I am a gentleman; what do you mean? Are you going to kill me?" muttered poor MacNeil. But it was of no use; in a moment he was stripped to his shirt; and then his clothes, hat, boots, and all of his apparel was taken to another room.

"Now get into bed and keep quiet, or it will be worse for you," said the nurse Patrick.

The Colonel saw that resistance was useless; he make no further efforts, but determined to complain to the doctor when he saw him. There were other patients in the room, but MacNeil did not notice them. He lay awake, and moments seemed hours, but at last the visiting doctors came—one old man and two young ones. They

sat by the bed, and the eldest kept examining Mac's wounds. The colonel began to tell who he was, and to complain of the treatment.

"You have been drinking, sir, and you are placed here to be cured, and we will try and cure you; when that is done we shall listen to your complaints. Meantime you must try and get some sleep. Your condition, without you get sleep, will be a critical one," said the elder doctor.

The Colonel began to realize his position; he asked the doctor if he thought he was really very unwell.

"Yes; you will probably be delirious unless you get sleep. I will order some medicine that will give you sleep probably. It may not. How long since you have had any sleep?"

The Colonel replied that he had not slept well for several nights.

"I am very nervous now. Could I not have a glass of brandy and water?"

The old doctor smiled, and so did his two assistants, and they passed on to the next patient. Soon after they left the ward; and the nurse who had received some directions came to the bedside of the Colonel.

"How do you feel now?" he asked in a kinder tone than usual.

"Very bad indeed. I am really sick. I would like to get up and put on my clothes," said the Colonel.

"Can't be allowed. You must get some sleep before you are allowed to sit up," replied the nurse.

"Then I will try and get some sleep," said poor MacNeil.

He did try, but there was a fire in his veins that would not let him sleep. Tea came; he tried to swallow it, but his nerves were so unstrung that he could not hold the cup to his mouth, and he fell back upon the bed. Then came the long hours of that night. Moments only passed, and yet the Colonel dreamed of horrid matters and doings that would have taken hours to perform. He would start up in his bed, and a cold sweat poured from his brow. The building seemed to totter; the room turned round; the sickly lamp seemed to be glowing meteors. He would satisfy his mind that all was imagination, and then the horrid thought would cross his mind that he was going mad. In a moment more he would doze, and then he would be with his dar-

ling children. Oh what happiness! the loved mother was there. Then snakes would come among them—hateful, venomous reptiles, with unheard of forms, and his children would be snatched away, and he would raise himself in bed. "Lie down," the nurse would sing out. All his dreams had been but a moment transpiring.

By and by the nurse would come again. "Take this—the doctor ordered it." The Colonel hesitated, but took the tea-spoon in his hand, and swallowed the contents. "Two hours hence you are to take another one," said the nurse. "Now lie down and try to sleep—it is all that you can do, or that anybody can do for you; it is sleep or die." The Colonel would lie down again. In a moment he saw the doctor slyly enter, and pass to the nurse's room; he heard them whisper softly to each other. One said, "Yes, I have given him the dose. It will kill him; then we will take his body upstairs, and nobody will know it; he will make a good subject." The other replied, "I must not be known in the matter. He is Colonel MacNeil. His friends don't care about him while he is alive, but when he is dead they may ask about him."

Mac heard all this dreadful conspiracy. He

sat up in the bed, but there was no one in the room. "Aha! kill me, will they?" He jumped out of bed and seized a wooden bench. "I will not die without a struggle."

The doctor *had* passed through the room, but it was to take a bath; the nurse was in his own room, occupied with some business, but the poor victim, (for Mac was now delirious,) thought he had heard all this talk, and he was ready.

The doctor came out of the bath room. No sooner did Mac see him, than elevating the stool he exclaimed, "Poison me, you d——d doctor, will you?" and made a blow with the bench at his head. Had it hit him, he never would have prescribed for any more patients. The doctor dodged it, but fell. In a moment the Colonel was upon him. The nurse, hearing the struggle, came in, and at once fastened upon the Colonel, and choked him until he released the doctor. Then more help came, and at last they got the raving man upon the bed, and then passing a chain over him, fastened his hands and legs so that he could not move. "He is safe now, doctor," said the nurse. "You had a narrow escape, doctor: lucky I came in. I thought we

should have trouble with him; he has been a hard drinker."

"Yes, Patrick, don't let him loose again until I see you; he is very dangerous. I don't think he will get over it, though he may if he gets sleep to-night;" and with these remarks the doctor passed out and got a good night's sleep, leaving orders to keep poor Mac chained until morning.

The struggles of the Colonel when he found himself made fast, were fearful. Sometimes it seemed as though he would either break the chain and fastenings, or wrench off his wrists. His torrents of curses and reproaches were horrible. The other patients who had gone through the ordeal and were getting well, could not sleep, but they sat up in their beds and watched the rum maniac. "For the love of God take those snakes off my hand." "Oh Graham, you deserved a better fate." "Poor Will! my bright, beautiful boy." "There! there! what a horrid snake!" "Water! give me water!" These expressions and a thousand others, gave a key to the thoughts which were passing in the poor maniac's mind. Sometimes he would utter scream after scream of agonized horror; then he would weep as though his heart would break;

and so he continued all that night. Towards morning he seemed to be getting quiet.

"I am glad of that," said the nurse to his companion.

"I thought, Bill, we would have to lock him up. But he is pretty quiet now, and I am going to have a snooze."

"Day broke, and soon after the light came through the large window, and fell upon the chained man's countenance. The patient in the next bed appeared to notice something unusual. He observed to another patient, "I believe that man is dying. It is enough to kill any one to be treated so—chained down all night. What a perfect gentleman, he is, too!"

The other patient added, "He don't make no noise now. Is he asleep? Take a look."

The other did look, and placed his hand upon the forehead of Colonel MacNeil. "My God, he is dead. Let us call the nurse."

"Don't call him—let him find it out. He knows he will get the gentleman's clothes, and that is all he cares about," said the other patient.

The Colonel lay thus cold and unconscious, and the other patients soon went to sleep. Later the

nurse Patrick entered, and went to the bedside of MacNeil. "Dead, eh?" and then he opened the door and went to the office to report. Such things are very common in that old building. The nurse was gone a few moments. When he returned, he was followed by two other men. They all then assisted to place the body upon a sort of bier, and carried it out of the ward down to the dead house, and then placed it upon the table to await further orders. There was no noise and no fuss at such a melancholy termination to a man's life in the hospital, as there would have been in a private mansion. No message was sent out to anybody, for that is not the business of people in the hospital. People go to the hospital with one of two objects to accomplish—to get well or to die. Colonel MacNeil was dead, and if his friends discovered it well and good; if not, his body would be taken from the dead-house in the hospital yard to the Potter's Field. About ten o'clock that same day, Marion Monck, agreeably to the promise he had made to the Colonel the day previous, went from 46, Centre Street, to see him. He passed through the gate, and went directly to the ward in the north building. The door was not fast, but stood

partly open. The nurse was not there. Marion gazed around the room, expecting to see the Colonel—but he was not there. He turned towards a patient who occupied a bed near the door: "I came here with a friend yesterday. He was placed upon that bed. Can you tell me where he has gone to?"

The man looked at Marion a moment: "Yes, I remember you. They have removed your friend —Colonel, you called him—to the dead-house."

"Dead-house! Why, what should he be removed there for?" asked Marion, horrified.

"What for? Why, because he is dead," replied the man.

"Dead. Colonel MacNeil dead. Impossible. Why, I left him here yesterday. Dead!" Marion exclaimed, and seemed to be paralyzed at the information. Another patient joined him, who seemed to be a little more human. He related all that had occurred, and that the Colonel had died soon after daylight. Marion cried like a child. The nurse came in, and Marion heard what he had to say. He then went to the office and obtained permission to go to the dead-house and see the body. The dead-house man opened the door. There was no mistake now. There

lay Colonel MacNeil, cold, stiff, and insensible to all affairs of earth. Marion was too shocked to open his mouth. He hurried out of the building—out of the grounds, and never halted until he reached No. 46, Centre Street. Mr. Charles was reading the newspaper. Marion hastily told the story, namely, that Colonel MacNeil was dead. Mr. Charles said he expected as much. Harry, the proprietor, at once took an interest in the matter, and advised Marion to go to No. 27, Harrison Street, and communicate the awful intelligence to Jane. He went over at once. He found that lady just sitting down to dinner with her children. He asked to see her alone. Half reluctantly she came out into the hall. He told her what had happened. One shriek rang out, and she fell senseless on the floor. But there was no time for delay. "You are Marion Monck, I am certain. Go and make arrangements that his body shall be brought here. Poor William, he shall have no burial from a public hospital." The parties in the house were spoken to, and they advised Miss McPherson to pursue that course. The children of the Colonel were very much affected. When the mother told them what had happened, they sobbed as if their little hearts

would break. They did love that poor father who loved them so truly.

Marion left them to weep at their great loss, and went to an undertaker and gave orders to him to take a shell and convey the body of the Colonel to Harrison Street, and then to take measures for a handsome coffin and a respectable private burial. He accompanied the undertaker to the hospital. Permission to remove the body was at once obtained, and the unconscious Colonel was with those who loved him that same evening of the day he died. The notice of the death of Colonel MacNeil appeared in the papers next morning, and the funeral was announced to take place that afternoon.

CHAPTER VI.

The House of John Grasper in Broadway—The Wedding —Count Falsechinski is married to the Rich Irene Grasper—A Startling Contrast—The brilliant Marriage of one lover, and the melancholy Funeral of the other.

In that brown granite building up Broadway, the residence of John Grasper, Esq., there was a grand gathering of all the *élite* of New York city one night late in the month of September. The Count Falsechinski had that day led to the altar Irene, the handsome daughter of the rich old banker. She was now a Countess. The bride and the bridegroom were both present at this party given by the parents of the bride to celebrate the nuptials. Music, the rarest and best that could be procured, added liveliness to the scene. What a contrast to the scene that same night in the humble dwelling-house in Harrison Street! Could the fair bride, whose brow was undimmed by even a passing sorrow cloud, have realized that her admirer—her lover, and the one

she loved in other days—the gay and fashionable Colonel MacNeil—had died that morning in a public ward in the hospital, manacled, uncared for, and unknown; and that at that moment, when her father's mansion was illuminated with light and with beauty, and crowds were offering incense at her shrine, he, the poor lover, was lying dead in a small room, and by his lifeless body knelt a woman and his two children! What would have been the bride's sensations? We will not stop to inquire. Such was the fact, however, and it was known to the Count that Colonel MacNeil was dead, for he had met Marion Monck, who informed him of it as an excuse why he should be absent from the wedding party, to which the Count had given him a cordial invitation. To the credit of the Count, we will say that he not only bade Marion God-speed in his work of kindness in assisting the widow and the fatherless, but he insisted that he should receive from him, the Count, a sufficient sum of money to liquidate all expenses connected with the funeral of Colonel MacNeil.

Old Mr. Prime, the banker and the friend of the Count, was at the wedding party, and as merry as every old gentleman ought to be. He

considered this wedding as partly got up by his individual action. He had satisfied Mr. Grasper, and Mr. Grasper had paid into the banking-house of Prime, Ward, and King, the dower agreed upon—namely, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The settlements had been made to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

Among the guests was the Russian Ambassador, who had undertaken to arrange the Count's affairs at the Court of St. Petersburg. He had succeeded, and his presence was a full endorsement of the Count's claim to his title, had any one chosen to dispute or to doubt the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were invited, and were present. So were Colonel Benson, his son, and Isabella Benson, his son's wife, and her father, Pitt Granville. The latter was an unhappy, miserable man. He had made a grand mistake in the Count. He had always supposed he was a nobody—an adventurer. He had had him as a clerk, and had treated him as a clerk, and now to find that this *ci-devant* clerk was a real count—a nobleman, with a princely income and a large cash capital, and about to carry off a bride with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more, was too bad. He might have had the Count for his

own daughter, if he had awoke a little sooner; and then, as he contrasted the elegant, well-dressed, accomplished Count, passing from one to another of the guests, an object of universal admiration, and winning smiles from the most beautiful by his wit and brilliant conversation, and then turned his eyes to his own son-in-law, who sat in one corner, looking sheepish and stupid, no one appearing to be aware that such a person was in existence, he felt mortified and vexed at his own past folly and stupidity.

All the friends and connections of the Graspers were present in full force. The bride radiated among them, dressed in spotless white and sparkling with jewels. She was proud of her husband, and well she might be, for the Count could shine anywhere, and he appeared devoted to his wife.

It had been arranged that the bridal pair should start the next morning on an excursion, which was expected to occupy some weeks.

The Count approached Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who were quietly enjoying the gay scene. He shook hands with them cordially, and they congratulated him upon his brilliant marriage. The Count replied with deep fervour to Mrs. Wilson, "Ah, dear madam; I can never forget you. That

first night, when I was so poor, and when Marion, God bless him, carried me to his room. Oh, you have brought me good luck. It started me anew, and you, Mr. Wilson, how kind you ever were to me, I shall never forget."

Mrs. Wilson replied, "Poor Marion. I am told that he is not doing very well. Don't forget him, Count, for if you do owe any one for your success, it was Marion."

"May my head perish when I forget it. No, Mrs. Wilson, I have a place on my hands for the good of Marion. He shall be in business before I leave this land for my own country, and with plenty of means. You have heard of that dreadful event this morning, Wilson?" he inquired, in a low voice. Both husband and wife started, and asked to what he alluded.

"Don't mention it here to-night, but Colonel MacNeil died of delirium tremens in one of the wards of the hospital this morning about daybreak. Marion Monck has removed the dead body to the residence of Miss McPherson and Mac's children. Is it not shocking? I must leave you now. Do not forget me." And with these words the Count passed on to greet other guests.

Wilson gazed into the face of his wife. Neither

could speak for some moments. Both knew the history of Colonel MacNeil. Both knew that he was once a favoured lover of her who was now the Countess Falsechinski. At last Mr. Wilson spoke.

"Darling, I am sick of stopping here. Can't we contrive to go? Poor MacNeil; what a sad fate. I shall go to his funeral, wife. I wish I could have done more. What a blow it would be to the gay bride, if the truth could reach her to-night—eh?"

"I hope it may not, Richard. She could not have helped the matter—and only think of that poor woman and her two children. Well—well—as people sow, so must they reap. What a contrast between the melancholy death of one lover and the gay bridal of another, and yet the one who has died a horrid death, I first met the courted and caressed by all the wealth and fashion of the city. The other, who is now surrounded by wealth, admiring friends, a title, a rich bride, came to my house in the dead of winter, and without food or scarcely any clothes. But for the kindness of Marion Monck might have perished in the streets that night. Does it not make you shudder to think of such changes in life, husband?" asked the wife.

"Thank God, and you, my darling Bessy, I am too comfortable to dread them. We must stay until supper is over. I will go and tell Mr. Granville about MacNeil's death."

He left his wife to do as he stated. He was absent but a moment, and when he returned, he observed, "I have done a very foolish thing. I never saw a man so horrified as Granville appears to be. I am sorry I told him anything about the matter."

Mrs. Isabella Benson was at this wedding party, and her beauty attracted a great deal of admiration. Many solicited an introduction to her, but her conversational powers were not sufficient to retain by her side those that her pretty features attracted thither.

The supper was a superb affair, and no pains or expense were spared to make it excel all suppers that ever came off before in a private house. Old Mr. Prime declared that he had never been at such a supper, and his indorsement was always a good one for a note or a supper.

It was at a very late hour when the party broke up. All the guests were pleased, and went to their homes, envying both bride and bridegroom. Such is life.

The next morning all the gay guests at that wedding read the notice of Colonel MacNeil's death, and that his funeral would take place that afternoon from 27, Harrison Street.

When the appointed hour arrived, there was a large crowd gathered. It hardly seemed possible that the Colonel had so many friends, or even acquaintances. Mr. Granville was there. So was Colonel Benson, and Mr. Wilson, and many others. The body was to be conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery. The widow and the children were in a carriage by themselves, where they followed the corpse until it was placed beneath the sod. Then Marion Monck got into the carriage, and returned with the three weepers. As the little party crossed the ferry, Miss McPherson spoke. "Mr. Monck, you have been a true friend to us in our need, and God will bless you for it. Out of all the Colonel's friends, you alone seem to have been a true one. I want you to do one thing more. Get all his things from the place that he frequented, and bring them to me. I will give you his own authority for their removal." She then told Marion about the last day he had spent with his little family. "He had a presentiment that he was to die, and it came true."

The day following that of the funeral, Marion caused the bureau and other effects of the late Colonel to be removed to the residence of his widow, as he called her, and by which title she was ever after recognized by those who valued MacNeil's memory.

Soon after the Colonel's death, the widow wrote to her father in Canada. He came to New York. Mrs. MacNeil appointed a trusting agent to manage her property in the city, and as soon as those matters were arranged, she and her two children returned to Canada with their relative.

CHAPTER VII.

Walter Granville and Clara Norris—Their Marriage—The Hotel de Paris and Tom Granville—Henry Robinson's Marriage with Rose Barker—Marion Monck—His Poem, "The Outcast"—Tom Granville's degradation.

Some weeks had passed after the arrival in the city of young Walter Granville before he made himself known to his uncle Tom. By what means he had become acquainted with Clara Norris concerns us not now, but ever since his arrival in New York he had been her most devoted slave; nor had Clara any intention of allowing him to escape. She delighted in the humiliation his devotion to her inflicted on Poll Granville, and exerted her extraordinary powers of fascination upon the young sailor. Never had she appeared so young and so lovely. She accompanied him to every place of public amusement, rode out with him, walked with him, delicately furnished him with a stream of money,

and bestowed upon him presents of value and utility. She had a purpose in all this. She made up her mind to succeed, and success seemed almost within her grasp. She determined to injure the elder Granville, and she saw no surer method than by plunging his only son into a vortex from which there was no escape.

She had proposed to Walter that he should marry her. She explained to him that she was comparatively independent, satisfied him that he had gained her affections, and that her whole soul was his. He certainly was leading a pleasant life. He had no idea but that his father had closed his heart and his doors upon him for ever. Clara had behaved nobly to him, as he thought, for she had not only made him comfortable, but she had advanced Henry Robinson a considerable sum, to enable him to support the expense of Rose and himself at a second-rate hotel. Yet Walter hesitated. He had not made up his mind fully in the matter until the morning of his interview with his uncle Tom. The night previous he and Clara had conversed together upon the subject of marriage. He had asked means to give a helping hand to his relative, and she had agreed to it at once. At the same time

she told Walter that they were both doing very wrong in living together in the manner they were doing without being married, and that, much as she loved him, it should not continue another day.

"It will break my heart, Walter, to part with you, but it must be done. You have one advantage over me, Walter. When we are married, if you do not continue to love me, or get tired, you can run away and go to sea again."

The hint was not lost upon Walter, and that morning, when he went out to find Thomas Granville, he said, "Clara, I will marry you as soon as you please, but let it all be done quietly."

"Then suppose it be this evening, in presence of only one or two witnesses. You promise to bring up your uncle, and I will go out and invite your friend Robinson," said Clara.

"The clergyman—who will you get to perform that ceremony?" asked Walter.

"Leave all that to me, dear Walter, and don't worry yourself about the matter. It shall all be regular, and with no noise," replied Clara.

With this understanding the parties separated.

Walter went in search of his uncle Tom, and Clara Norris to make her arrangements.

Walter found his relative in the destitute state we have described. He left him well provided for, and it did Walter's heart good, for with all his faults he loved his uncle Tom, and sympathized with his misfortune. After leaving Mr Thomas Granville in the manner we have described, he returned to Bond Street. There he found his friend Henry Robinson and the lovely little Rose. He was still more gratified when he found that the two friends were invited to stay and dine.

"So, Walter, you are going to marry Miss Norris!" exclaimed Henry Robinson.

"Yes, that is my intention. Have you anything to say against it?" replied Walter.

"Not a word, my dear boy. I am not so certain but that I shall follow your example one of these days. I shall if I ever see my way clear to support my little Rose."

The opinion of his friend and companion for years had its weight with Walter Granville, and confirmed him in his intentions. Rose timidly asked if his father, meaning the elder Granville, was pleased with the proposed match. Walter

gave her a stern look, and then perceiving that she did not notice it, added—

"My pretty Rose, my father troubles his head very little about my affairs, and I presume does not care whom I marry. He must have heard that I am in the city, but not a word of kindness or a message of any kind have I received from him or any other of my family. They may go to the old Harry for all that I care. But come, dinner is ready, and we ought to be thankful that we can get a good dinner. We have not always been so lucky, have we, Harry?"

The dinner was a choice affair, and the hostess, Mrs. Woodruff, graced the head of the table and did the honours.

"My beautiful landlady," exclaimed Walter, "you are the prettiest of the three ladies now at this table. You actually look younger than any of them, and if my hand was not already disposed of, I would certainly offer a share of my hard fortunes to you."

"Thank you, sir. I am exceedingly flattered, but Miss Norris has taken the matter in hand, and I am too late. I must say, however, that if I envied any lady it would be Clara. I think you

are one of a thousand, and she is an extremely fortunate young lady."

"Thank you, madam, for both of us," replied Clara.

Dinner was over, and evening approached, when Miss Norris went to her room to commence dressing for the important ceremony, which it was arranged should come off in the front parlour. Rose accompanied Clara, and Harry joined Walter, who left Bond street to walk as far as the Hotel de Paris, where he had agreed to meet Thomas Granville. They found Tom deeply engrossed in a game of dominoes with old James Gemmel, the Broadway watchmaker, who owned the building occupied as the Hotel de Paris.

"Excuse me one moment," exclaimed Tom, when he saw Walter, "I have only got twelve to go to beat this gentleman, and then I am at your service."

Walter took a seat at one of the small marble-top tables, and motioning Henry to a seat opposite, he order two cups of coffee. The *garçon* brought the cups, and Walter lit a cigar.

"Harry, did you notice that gentleman that I spoke to?" he asked.

"I did. Pray who is he?" asked Henry.

"He is mine uncle Tom, that you have so often heard me chat about, during our watches at sea in the good old whale ship," replied Walter.

"The deuce he is! Well, I like his looks very much. Will he be at your wedding?" asked Robinson.

"Yes. But I don't exactly know how he will take it. He must know Clara. But I will find out presently," said Walter.

At this moment they were joined by Thomas Granville. He rubbed his hands, and exclaimed with delight, "Aha! I am conqueror. I have beat old Mr. Gemmel, and he is considered the crack player in this house."

"Sit down, sir. One would think you had won a second battle of Waterloo, or some other equally important affair. Allow me to introduce to you my friend Henry Robinson," said Walter.

"I am most happy to meet Mr. Robinson, or any other friend of yours, my excellent Smith. Gents, will you join me in a drink?" inquired Tom.

It was quite evident to Walter that his worthy uncle had already drank quite sufficient, and he

suggested in place of a drink, that he should join them in a cup of coffee.

"Very well—I think I will do as you suggest. I have been drinking considerable wine to-day," said Tom.

"I should judge so. The coffee will sober you, and I want you to be perfectly cool to-night, for I am to be married this evening, and you are to be at the wedding," said Walter.

"The devil I am! And is that what all these new clothes are for—hem—I beg your pardon, sir." And Tom addressed Robinson. He had forgot himself.

"Never mind, Mr. Granville. You will be welcome to my wedding in any dress. And now I perceive that you have been getting a new rig—out of compliment to me, I presume. Really, I am under obligations to you. Come, suppose we pay our shot, and then leave—what say you, gentlemen?" asked Walter.

All agreed, and soon after the trio left the Hotel de Paris, and proceeded up Broadway to Bond Street. When the party reached the house of Mrs. Woodruff, Tom remarked that his brother's old partner, Mr. Nordheim, used to reside next door.

"I am well aware of that," quietly observed Walter. "Come in, gentlemen," he continued; and then led the way into the front parlour. No one was there. "Excuse me, Mr. Granville. Come, Harry," said Walter Granville, and with his companion he passed up to the rooms occupied by Clara.

"May I come in with my friend Harry?" demanded Walter.

"Yes, come in. Look at Rose, Harry. How do you like her?"

Harry did look. The beautiful girl was dressed in a robe of white satin, and her dark hair, parted upon her forehead, and divided to the back of her head, fell in two distinct masses down her back, and the end of each was tied with a white ribbon. Her lover flung his arms about her, and said—

"Thank you, dear Miss Norris. Rose was always lovely, but I have never seen her look so superb as she does to-day. What do we not owe you?"

"Harry Robinson, let me tell you one thing, and God knows it is true. The talk of men when it concerns women, is as light and evanescent as a summer cloud. Under certain influences men agree to do any and every thing for a woman—a

young and pretty woman. They will marry—do this, or do that, or the other. In an hour, a week, a month, all this is changed. They will see the Magdalen they have made despised, trampled upon, stoned even—and that same deceiving man will cast the additional stone that crushes the poor outcast.

"Marry Rose, dear Harry, and if you live on bread and water, sweep streets for a living, while she acts as washerwoman for your mutual livelihood, as long as you are true to each other, you will know a happiness that wealth cannot give."

While Clara Norris was giving vent to these expressions, Walter Granville was looking at her in amazement. While she was speaking a pin falling would have been heard.

He then added, "Clara, have you spoken for yourself?"

"God knows I have spoken for Rose, for she has a pure, loving, innocent heart. As for me, I have been a worldling deeply—perhaps damnably. The Great Judge only knows. I do not know my own heart, Walter. Did you bring up Thomas Granville with you?" she asked.

"I did. Left him down stairs, Clara," said Walter.

"Go down at once and apologize. Tell him you will be back presently," said Clara.

Walter descended to the parlor, but returned almost instantly, and addressing Clara, said, "Uncle Tom is fast asleep upon one of Mrs. Woodruff's exquisite sofas.

"Well, let him sleep there until we are ready —and now what was I saying? Never mind. I don't think, Walter, that my heart is corrupted, and I am sure that of Rose is not. To-night I become your wife, and wild and wayward as has been my career, dear Walter, I will be true to you while I live. So help me, Heaven. Henry, you do not need to be told what Rose will do. You can read all that is passing in her heart in her sweet heavenly face. Walter, will you forgive me for one act I have done to-day?" said Miss Norris.

"Tell me what it is, Clara. If it is not the unpardonable sin, I think I can forgive you," replied Walter.

"I have invited Marion Monck, once a favourite clerk of your father's—once a favoured suitor of your sister Isabella, to be present to-night," said Miss Norris.

"You are a strange creature, Clara. Why in-

vite him? What have I, or you, for that matter in common, with him? What is he to us now?" haughtily demanded Walter.

"More than ever he was in what the world calls his prosperous days. He was once kind to me, but he is now writing for a living—depending upon his brains for his bread and water. Mr. Bennett, of the 'Herald,' has taken him up, and —don't laugh—he writes poetry. He has not spoken to me for some time, but last St. Valentine's Day I received from him this precious valentine." Here Clara went to a small desk and took an envelope from it, and the enclosure she handed to Walter. "Read that."

Walter drew near the lamp. He looked at the hand-writing a moment. "How well I remember that writing," he exclaimed. "It is indeed written by Marion, but no signature is attached. How did you recognize it, Clara?"

"Pooh! pooh! I have seen his handwriting a hundred times in the days of Mr. Nordheim. I knew it at once, but read it." Walter read the poetry. It was as follows:—

THE OUTCAST.

I look upon that face, but while
  It seems so passing fair,
I ask me if that sunny smile
  Is wont to linger there;
I ask me if that bosom's heave
Hides not a heart that's doomed to grieve
  And wither in despair;
I ask if joy or peace can be
With one so desolate as thee.

I knew thee not, thou fallen flower,
  When virtue marked thy growth,
I knew thee not in thy bright hour
  Of purity and truth.
I knew thee not till treacherous ways
Had dimmed the sunshine of thy days,
  The freshness of thy youth;
And then I knew thee in thy shame
Without a friend—without a name.

An outcast from thy father's home,
  A blighted, joyless thing;
Thy journey onward to the tomb,
  A rayless wandering.
Uncheered by hope thy bosom heaves,
Yet like the rose's scattered leaves,
  Some sweets yet round thee cling;
And dimly round thy ruin shine
Like ivy on the shattered pine.

There's beauty still upon thy brow
  And kindness in thy heart,
A smile is with thee even now,
  All hopeless as thou art.

But sorrow's wave too soon will chase
The light of beauty from thy face,
And thou wilt then depart;
As bends the lily to the blast
Unknown, unloved, thou'lt sink at last.

God cheer thee on that awful day,
For none will watch thy bed,
None sigh to see thee pass away,
Or grieve for thee when dead;
None seek the silent, lonely spot,
Where, cold, forsaken, and forgot,
Reclines thy lovely head:
The turf, alas, will soon be green,
And few will know that thou hast been.

"Yes, dear Walter, I want that young man, who could address me such lines, to see me married—yes, *married*. I should die were he not here to-night, for that poetry has weighed like lead upon my heart. But as your wife the spell will be removed," exclaimed the excited Miss Norris.

"I am very glad, then, Clara, that you have invited him. But come, you are all ready. Holloa, what is the matter with you, my beautiful Rose?"

Rose was weeping as though her heart would break. The few lines, as read by Walter in his deep toned voice, touched a chord that had

vibrated through her bosom. She made no reply to Walter, but fell upon her knees before Henry Robinson.

"Oh, dear Henry, save me from such a fate as that of the poor outcast," she exclaimed.

"It shall be, Rose—it shall be. My mind is made up. Dear Miss Norris, may I ask one favour? After the clergyman has made you and Walter one, let him do the same for us too—make Rose my wife. Come what will, I will be her legal protector—her husband."

"God bless you, Harry," was all the reply that Rose could make.

"I will see to it," said the majestic Clara.

A slight tap at the door interrupted the conversation.

"Who is there?" asked Walter.

"Me—Mrs. Woodruff. There are some guests in the parlour. Are you not most ready?" she asked.

The reply was in the affirmative, and in a moment the door was opened and the party followed Mrs. Woodruff down-stairs. As they entered the parlour a singular sight was presented. Thomas Granville lay asleep, and was snoring upon the sofa; there was a clergyman

in his robes, evidently of the Episcopal order, for he wore a white surplice, and held in his hand the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.

In one corner of the room was Marion Monck. It was the lady-like duty of Miss Norris to place these people at their ease. She walked to Marion.

"Old friend, have you forgotten one known to you many years ago? This is Walter Granville."

Simple as the words were, they electrified Marion. Walter was his old employer's son—the brother of her he remembered with such tender recollections.

"Walter, why when did you come? I am glad to see you," was all Marion could say, and it was enough.

Walter said some kind words, and sat down by him. Clara proceeded to the clergyman.

"Venerable sir, in a moment we will be ready for you to proceed. When you have married me to Mr. Granville, will you marry these two to each other?" and she pointed to Henry and Rose.

The clergyman bowed and replied, "Most certainly, if there are no objections."

"None in the wide world," said Clara, and she passed to the sofa where Thomas Granville

was lying. She placed her hand heavily upon him, and in a deep voice pronounced the single word "Tom!"

In a moment he aroused himself, rubbed his eyes, looked up in her face, and replied,

"Holloa! what's out now? Clara, is that you? Where did you come from?"

She made no reply. Then he sat up and looked about the room, recognizing Marion, and also the man he knew as Smith. He repeated, "Marion and Smith here? That is all right."

"Tom!" Clara repeated again.

"Well, what is it?" asked Tom.

"You are invited here to be present at a wedding. Are you sufficiently awake to be a witness?"

"Certainly. Of course. Go ahead. I am all right," said Tom.

Clara turned about and walked to the clergyman.

"We are ready now, sir. Please proceed with the solemn ceremony."

She was joined by Walter, and the clergyman opened his book and performed the ceremony of marriage according to the Ritual. When it was finished, and the reverend man of God pronounced

them man and wife, Walter kissed Clara affectionately, and then Henry Robinson and Rose were made "one flesh." Clara then approached the clergyman and placed a bill in his hand.

"Allow me," said she, "to settle the fees for myself and for the other couple."

The clergyman, perhaps without meaning to do so, glanced at the denomination of the bill.

"Really, madam," he suddenly exclaimed, "there is some mistake; this note is for one hundred dollars."

"So I supposed. Keep it. If it is unusual, use it to make others as happy as I trust you have made several in the room this evening," quietly observed Mrs. Walter Granville.

"Where can I find pen and paper?" asked the clergyman.

"That lady," pointing to Mrs. Woodruff, "will show you," and she whispered to the clergyman, "May I ask that you will give them certificates for each marriage, if not too much trouble? You have the names."

"Certainly," said the minister, and he left the room.

Marian Monck had seen so many astonishing things in an experience of some years, that he had

long ago arrived at the conclusion that he would never more be astonished at anything which might occur in New York; still he was surprised, to say the least of it, at the marriage of the somewhat celebrated Miss Norris to the runaway son of his old employer. He offered his congratulations to the lady, now Mrs. Granville, and to her husband. The former requested to speak with Marion for a moment alone.

When she found herself thus with him, she observed, "Marion, we have known each other a long time, through some strange vicissitudes, eh? Is it not a strange world?"

"Rather so," replied Marion in a very laconic manner.

"Will you take back your poetry about 'The Outcast?' I am now a married woman—married to a man whose father is an eminent merchant, eh?"

"Exactly, dear lady; I understand perfectly well your sarcasm, but it don't apply: I don't take it. I wrote 'The Outcast' when it did apply. Don't be angry; I will write another piece which you will like better when I have leisure, and call it 'The Wife,' eh?"

"Now stop all foolishness. Here is five dollars: take it," said Clara Granville.

"What is out now? Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, Marion, far from it; but I want this notice copied, and to appear in all the daily papers to-morrow morning: will you attend to it? I know you will. Say nothing. I must speak to Mr. Thomas Granville," said Mrs. Granville.

Marion read the note. It was as follows:—

"Married—On Tuesday evening, the 20th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Fuller, Walter Granville, Esq., son of W. Pitt Granville, of this city, to Miss Clara Norris, formerly of New Jersey."

It is needless to say that this notice appeared in all the journals the next day.

Clara approached Tom Granville. She seated herself by his side. This gentleman had listened to all that was going on. He was perfectly conscious that people had been married—he knew that Clara Norris had married his friend Smith, and he had made up his mind that Smith was "sold," according to his ideas of how the world ought to wag on; but he had caught no other name, or if he had, it had not fastened itself upon his mind. But he was soon to be enlightened. Clara had him alone, and she commenced.

"Tom Granville, do you remember how you treated me in France? Your heartlessness, your villany? Hear me, and don't say a word. You know this is truth. Grant that I in many things did wrong. Does that justify what you have done?"

"Oh, Clara, don't let us bring up old sores. Let bygones be bygones. You have married Smith. Nice man, I dare say. Respectable man, evidently. I'm mum. I'll not say a word. Do you understand?"

"Tom, do you recollect how your brother humbled me?"

"Well, what of it? It don't amount to anything now," replied Tom.

"Your wife, your niece—how did they treat me?" asked the now excited Clara.

"Oh, what matters all such stuff—what is the use of bringing it up now? This is your wedding night, old gal. You have married Smith, let's all be jolly, eh?" said Tom, who was still under the influence of liquor although he had had a good nap upon the sofa.

"Tom, now listen to me. I want to give you an introduction to my husband. Walter, come here," said Clara. Walter approached the sofa.

"Mr. Thomas Granville, allow me to introduce to you my husband, Mr. Walter Granville. If I am not mistaken, he is also your nephew;" and when she had said this, she gave one loud scream of hysterical laughter, and then sat down. Tom could not join in it; he was sobered, and asked,—

"Walter, is this so?"

"It is, uncle Tom. Did you not know me?"

"And are you the husband of this lady?" pointing to Clara, who was watching this conversation.

"I believe that there is no mistake about that," replied the other.

"Then may God have mercy upon the Granville family; we are a doomed race," said Tom solemnly.

"Why, uncle Tom, cheer up; don't you get down-hearted. You at least know how I am situated—a cast-off. I found a true friend in Miss Clara when I had no other friends," observed Walter.

"I am a broken-hearted man, nephew, crushed. I have no hope except to get a bed at night, an occasional meal of victuals, and drink and clothes. You have helped me along on my rough bye-path,

and I thank you for it. I do not know how you came by the means to do so. But what matters it, Clara? God bless you. You are my niece now. What you are driving at is beyond my ken. Never mind; play out the game your own way. You hold ace, king, queen, and jack of the Granville family in your own hands, and your suit is trumps. It is the winning hand. Heaven send queen to Pitt Granville. When will he hear the news?" continued Tom.

Clara and Walter had listened attentively to the abrupt language of Uncle Tom. Both knew that in other days, when his proud spirit was dominant, such a marriage would have been repudiated on the instant, if it had cost him his life-blood. But they knew that stern poverty will humble the haughtiest heart. He who lacks food for months, he who stoops to almost beg from friends a shilling for a night's lodging; he who is ragged, shirtless, and wants the ordinary comforts of even a wash-bowl and towel, soon comes down to that low level, that were his wife, sister, or even mother, placed in affluence at the price of her virtue, would receive a portion of the wages of vice, and be thankful for it. Pride of birth or anything else vanishes into thin air, when placed

in contact with the silent degradation of poverty. Marion had left for down town.

Mrs. Woodruff had left for her apartments, and so had Henry, with the happy Mrs. Robinson. The clergyman had also taken his leave, and man and wife, with that worldly uncle, were alone. At last he bade them good night. Walter did not rise. Clara followed him out of the room. As they stood in the hall, she said—

"Tom Granville, I know what you would say. This will be a fearful thing for Pitt. He will see it in the morning papers. Will he die?"

"No. It will make him mad—stark, raving mad."

"Tom, you may need money. Take this roll—take it kindly. I don't know how much there is—two or three hundred. You are a man of the world—use it wisely, Tom. Good night."

Thomas Granville, late United States Consul in the second city of France, was in the street. The moon was shining brightly over his head, and he had more money in his pocket than had been there for many long months. As he passed down Broadway, he soliloquized,—

"Last night I had no bread—I had no money. I had barely a few dirty coppers to keep me

from sleeping in the streets—no clothes—no decent boots—no hat—no cravat—no nothing. To-night I have as much as I need. A hotel—a room to go to, and money in my pocket. How did I get it all? Least said is soonest mended. From this day forth I will never be without money. Gold is all.

> 'That yellow slave
> Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
> Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves,
> And give them title, knee and approbation
> With senators on the bench.'

Whatever else I lose, I will never be again without gold."

Thomas Granville reached his hotel. A silver shilling amply rewarded the porter for opening the door, and he went to his room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Perils of Youth in New York—Tammany Hall Committee—Marion Monck's first Article in the "Herald"—The Spanish Boarding House.

THERE are few situations of more intense peril in human life than to be in a large city, needing money for the ordinary necessaries of existence, or without any regular source of income. The man who works from six in the morning until dark at night, even if he only gets a dollar a day, is comparatively independent, and is not exposed to temptation. His wages are small, but he makes his expenses bear a fair proportion to his income. If he earns but six dollars a week, his board costs him but two—his clothes do not cost him fifty cents a week, and his other expenses, for pipes and tobacco, and his glass of beer or gin may make a dollar more per week, and he actually can lay up two and a-half dollars per week. Women, wine, and cards are beyond his wishes. His income would go but a little way

for the indulgence of either, and he never gives them even a passing thought. If he gets out of employ as a day labourer, it is not a source of much anxiety; for, as he has no pride to get over, but is content to take up with whatever turns up, he soon finds something to do, and he is at his ease once more.

This is not the case with the young man who has been a clerk in a store. He considers a clerkship an honourable employment. He engages in it, hoping one day to become an employer, a merchant on his own hook. From a hundred dollars a year his salary is increased to a thousand, but extravagant habits have increased with it. His board alone costs him two hundred to four hundred dollars a year. His clothes are two hundred more. He visits bad houses two or three times a week, adding two hundred dollars for this tax; and he smokes cigars, drinks occasionally, goes to the theatre and other places of amusement—and these last inconsiderable expenses count up easily two dollars a day; the sum per year is about seven hundred dollars. Add it to the eight hundred dollars already enumerated, and our clerk is living at the rate of fifteen hundred dollars, when he only gets one

thousand. This discrepancy of five hundred dollars must come out of somebody. As a general rule, a portion falls on the place where he boards—his tailor, his bootmaker, and a few others who have trusted him share the deficiency among them. It is bad enough when the salary continues steady; but, when a young man who has been living at this rate gets out of a situation and out of money in a place like New York, the chances are fearfully against him. Temptations surround him on all sides. If he stays in New York, his fall is certain—his degradation sure. He begs and borrows to the full extent of his tether. These sources used up, he has nothing left but to steal. If he is an American, he will not turn to manual labour, and he will not take menial service. Who ever heard of an American *servant*, and how far will one travel in New York before he finds an American day labourer?

Marion Monck was out of a situation, yet he had hopes ahead. Hopes, however, although very flattering stock in one's imagination, will not pay a board bill, obtain a decent suit of clothes, a pair of boots, or a hat. The young fellow had a proud spirit. He would not beg if he could help it; he would not have written home

to his parents for aid. He would have cut his right hand off first. The Count occasionally let him have money, and had made Marion promise that he would come to him (the Count) before he borrowed money, or before he took any new situation. Consequently Marion was resting upon his oars. The Count Falsechinski had married, and was spending several weeks out of town with his bride. Marion did not know where he was.

He had boarded in the house in Nassau Street for many months. As we have said before, his room was the rear one on the third floor, that of the editor was in the front. Sometimes they talked together, but Marion was very shy of any overtures. He had no confidence in his own ability to write, and even if he had succeeded as a writer, his prejudices were altogether in favour of success as a merchant—he considered it more reputable than success as an editor. In after life his views underwent a great change. He learned to do full justice to the power and the respectability of the pen.

Soon after the marriage of the Count Falsechinski with Miss Grasper, Marion Monck settled his bill with the landlady in Nassau Street, and

removed to a Spanish boarding-house in Fulton Street, near Cliff. It was kept by a Spaniard, named Alfayez, who agreed to give Marion a good room and a seat at the table for a moderate sum per week. Marion was a good Spanish scholar, but he wanted practice in speaking it. This was a good opportunity, and he availed himself of it. We have somewhere mentioned that Marion Monck had a great inkling for politics. His sympathies were with the Democratic party, owing probably to the fact that when a clerk with Mr. Granville, who was a Whig, he became a Democrat from the mere love of opposition. At that time there were two committees that regulated Tammany Hall; one was called the "Old Men's General Committee," and the other the "Young Men's General Democratic Committee." These committees were elected once a year. Marion had always been elected to the latter committee from the ward in which he lived, and as he was ready with the pen, extremely willing to work, and had no game to play, or spoils to seek after, he was generally selected as one of the secretaries of the "Young Men's Committee," and the work fell upon him, as it always does upon the free horse, his colleague being contented

to sign anything that Marion had drawn up or engrossed.

On one occasion the committee had a very exciting debate. A procession was to be got up in reference to a political victory in Maine, or some other state. In this victorious procession several very distinguished military men had volunteered to act as Marshals, but they refused to do so unless all the other marshals were military men.

"Very well," said the chairman of the committee; "that matter can be easily arranged. There are to be three marshals from each ward—make 'em all military men;" and as each name of a marshal was proposed and accepted, the chairman observed, "Make 'Bill Gage' a general."

"Enoch Camp."

"Make him a major."

"Nick Dimond, first ward."

"Make Nick a general."

"Bill Dennis, said the secretary.

"Make Bill a major," said the chairman.

"Joe Sweet," called out the secretary.

"Make Joe Sweet a colonel," dictated the chairman.

"Thomas McSpeddon," said the secretary.

"Put general to Tom's name."

"William Shaler, sixth ward."

"Make Bill Shaler a colonel—he has been in the wars;" and in this ludicrous way the list, which was to be published, was made out, amidst the screams and shouts of the Tammany Hall Committee. When the list was fairly completed, word was sent to the *real* generals, Morris, Ward, Stryker, Arcularius, and others, that the committee had placed none but *military* men on the list of marshals from the different wards.

It was late when the Committee adjourned. It was also Saturday evening. Marion passed down Nassau Street, and into the "Herald" publication office. Somewhat unusual it would be now, but at that hour in those days Mr. Bennett was still in the office. The two commenced a conversation, and in the course of it Marion Monck related the ludicrous debate that had occurred that evening in the committee room at Tammany Hall. It appeared very droll to the editor, and irresistibly comic. He actually held his sides while he roared with laughter. Marion did not laugh at all.

"I am going home—good night," said the editor.

Marion returned his "Good night," and passed to his Spanish boarding-house.

On his way down, it occurred to him that his month was up, and that he owed the Spaniard twenty dollars that very day.

"I am dead broke! Suppose he was to ask me for it? I have not got five dollars in the world, and the Count is off somewhere. When he will be back, Heaven only knows!"

These were the thoughts of Marion Monck as he reached the door in Fulton Street. He rang the bell. Alfayez, the proprietor, opened it himself. It was an unusual thing for him to do, and Marion expected to be dunned for his bill.

He was not doomed to be disappointed. "You no pay me my money to-day?" exclaimed the Spaniard in English. "I want him. You got him now, eh?"

"Sorry to say I have not, Senor Alfayez, but I suppose a few days hence will answer all purposes," asked Marion Monck.

"No, Senor, he no do two tree days—bym-bye. I want de money. *Ahora*, what you call *now?* No do two tree days. Hab got him?" de-

manded the Spaniard, who had admitted Marion into the hotel, but seemed disposed to bar his progress to his room.

"Really, Mr. Alfayez, I have not got the money to-night. You are in no danger of losing the amount, although I am comparatively a stranger to you. My trunks are worth more than ten times your bill. However, to satisfy you, to-morrow you shall have the twenty dollars," said Marion.

"Bueno. Manana, Senor. Buenos noches;" and after this parting salutation, which means "Good. To-morrow morning. Good night," Marion went up to his room. Where to get the money on Sunday morning was not so clear, and it was a long time before he could get asleep. The next morning Marion Monck rose very early. At the breakfast table he met two sisters, very sweet girls, who spoke Spanish to him upon every occasion. They were lovely creatures from the city of Lima, in Peru, and their father, a grey-bearded old Peruvian, was their protector. He, of course, was stopping in the house. These pretty senoritas were aged thirteen and fifteen, extremely anxious to learn English. Marion Monck had already made a bargain with them

that he should teach them English while they kept him in practice with his Spanish. Very probably Marion felt anxiety to end the financial war between the Spanish proprietor Alfayez and himself as much on account of these two extremely beautiful pupils as for any other reason. At any rate, no sooner had he finished his breakfast and smoked a cigar, than he hurried up to the office of the "New York Herald." He inquired for Mr. Bennett.

"In his private office," was the reply, and thither went Marion Monck.

"Good morning," said the editor, and then continued making some memorandum in a small book. One of the most prominent traits in the character of Mr. Bennett, and which is only known to those who know him as well as he knows himself, is his perfect editorial closeness. He does not let his left hand know what his right hand writes. He will appear to be communicative and frank, and yet what he says is the very frankness of hypocrisy. His hearer gains nothing, obtains nothing from him. He will listen unmoved to what he knew before, but the teller will not discover any sign of impatience or

any indication that Mr. Bennett is already aware of what he is telling him.

No man in the city of New York is better posted in reference to the affairs of the city, the prominent men in it, or in its various wards than Mr. Bennett. Consequently, when Marion Monck related to him the scene at Tammany Hall, which to a man not familiar with the prominent military and political men of the day, would have been dry and uninteresting, to Mr. Bennett, who knew the name and character of every man, it was uncontrollably comic and ludicrous.

When he had finished his work, he turned to Marion Monck.

"Well, Marion, what have you got new this morning?"

"Nothing, sir. I have called here this morning for a very particular purpose," said Marion.

"Indeed. It is raining in torrents, is it not? What can I do for you?" Mr. Bennett asked kindly.

Marion hesitated a moment. He had never since he had known Mr. Bennett, asked him for a loan of money in any shape, but this morning

he felt that he had no other resource, and so he replied, "Yes, sir, it is indeed raining very hard, but the fact is, I am in a tight place. You know I am down at that Spanish boarding-house. My month was up yesterday, and unless I get twenty dollars this morning I do believe the old Spaniard will turn me out of his house to-day. I could get the money if it was any other day but Sunday. As it is, if you will lend me the twenty to-day, I will return it to you to-morrow,"—and Marion felt relieved, that the application was made, whatever might be its fate.

"No, I never lend money," was the abrupt reply.

"Oh, well, never mind. There has been no harm done by my asking you. I hated to do it, but I must have money, and stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder. As it is '*no fodder,*' I must try somewhere else," said Marion Monck.

"There is no harm in your applying to me," observed Mr. Bennett, who wrote something on a small piece of paper. Marion rose to go. Mr. Bennett held up the paper, and observed, "Wait a moment. Here is an order for the exact sum you wish to borrow. I will not lend it to you. You must earn it."

"Earn it! Earn twenty dollars. How in the world am I to do that?" demanded Marion.

"Last night you told me a very interesting story of some doings in Tammany Hall in reference to a Democratic victorious procession that is soon to come off. You made me almost go into convulsions with laughter by the funny way in which you told it," continued the editor.

"Well," said Marion.

"Now, here is my order, for which you can get twenty dollars when you go down stairs. There, on that table, is foolscap paper, and pen, and ink. Write out what you told me, and the order is yours," coolly remarked the editor.

"It will take me all day to do it, and I don't think it will be fit to read then," said Marion.

"Never mind that. Do as I say, and do it as near as possible to what you told me, and I shall be satisfied," said the editor.

Marion took a seat and went to work. In less than two hours he had filled ten sides of foolscap paper. He handed it to Mr. Bennett, who did not even pay him the compliment of reading it, but laid it aside, at the same time handing Marion the order for twenty. He took his leave, and down-stairs he received the money.

"I suppose he made me write out all that stuff for the purpose of affording him an excuse to lend me twenty," thought Marion.

The next morning, however, when he opened the "Herald," he found his article. It made two and a half columns on the outside of the "Herald." It was extremely ludicrous. It was a *point*. One of Mr. Bennett's frequent great points, and when his sagacity as an editor was never at fault, either in the subject or manner of handling it, no matter how incapable the pen he made use of. There were tens of thousands of military men in New York. There were an equal number of Democrats. Such an article, naming the principal leaders in both the political and military ranks, and making them figure in a ludicrous manner, would soon find its way through the streets. At ten o'clock that day as high as a dollar was paid for a "Herald." There were none to be had at any price. It was one of those millions of original articles that in a great many years had made the "Herald" talked about. Mr. Bennett is the most suggestive mind in the United States. He could keep a hundred papers filled with original matter if he

had the mechanical minds and hands to work under him in sufficient force.

The appearance of this article was a matter of astonishment to Marion Monck. It was the first newspaper article he ever wrote. He did not believe that he could write one. Mr. Bennett had told him that he could. He had made him do it. The article was written. It appeared in the "Herald." Marion read it, and could not doubt that he had written it. "It was an accident," he said to himself. "I succeeded by Mr. Bennett telling me how to do it. I doubt whether I could do it again." With the twenty dollars he hurried from the "Herald" office, out into the rain, and down to the Spanish boarding-house. He called for Alfayez, handed him the twenty, the Spaniard gave him a receipt, and a friendship commenced which lasted many years. After paying his bill, Marion passed up-stairs to the parlour occupied by the family of the Peruvian. He found the two senoritas pouting because he had not arrived sooner to give them their lesson. The father was in his own room, and the old duenna was in another part of the house.

CHAPTER IX.

Pitt Granville reads the notice of his Son's Marriage—Seeks out his Brother Tom at 46, Centre Street—Thomas Granville believes in luck—Buys a Lottery Ticket.

When Pitt Granville opened his morning paper, and his eye fell upon the few lines which informed him that his son—his only son—had married "Clara Norris," the paper fell from his hands, and a few moments after, when one of his clerks entered the office, he found him lying senseless upon the floor. A physician was sent for at once; he bled the old gentleman, and then recommended that a carriage should be sent for, and that he should be conveyed to his home as speedily as possible, and there be kept perfectly quiet. No one present had the slightest idea of the real cause of this sudden illness; the doctor pronounced it a fit of apoplexy.

When the unhappy father reached home he refused to go to bed, but sent every one out of

the room except his daughter. He informed Isabella of what had occurred.

"Bell, my heart is broken; I shall never hold up my head more. If he had died I should have mourned for him, for he was my son, although a disobedient one; but to bring disgrace upon us all, to marry one of the most notorious women in New York, the very one that ruined my poor brother Tom—oh, this is dreadful, and I feel as if my senses were leaving me."

Isabella was deeply affected, and endeavoured to soothe her father, and prevent if possible another fit, for she had been told by the physician that any violent agitation would induce a relapse. She sent a note to Colonel Benson, and ere an hour the cool old Englishman was with them. He was more shocked at what he called Walter's mad infatuation than even the father, whom he advised to break it up. "Get the parties divorced, or buy the lady off with a sum of money." To all of these suggestions the humbled father turned a deaf ear. "No, Colonel, as he has made his bed, let him lie on it; I will not interfere—no, not to save his life; it is too late now. He must have been in New York some time without my knowledge; had he come to me

at once—had he—but what am I talking about? He is ruined, body and soul, and our name is the laughing-stock of all the good and the respectable in New York. If my business was only closed up, I would sell everything and go back to England," said poor Mr. Granville.

Colonel Benson urged it upon Mr. Granville that he must not take the matter too much to heart. "Bear in mind," he added, "that you have another child and a grandchild—a glorious fellow too, who must take your son Walter's place. For their sakes, don't give up."

"I will not. I will try not to do so. I will try and forget my unworthy son. But, Colonel, where is my brother Thomas? I must try and find him out. He too is unworthy of a thought; but, poor devil, he is a fool. He does the best he can, but he is half imbecile, and don't know wrong from right. He must not starve. That affair of our old friend MacNeil—was it not dreadful, to die all alone in the hospital! Poor Tom, I am afraid he is following in the same direction. I have not heard from him for a long time. He must be seen before it is too late. I have heard that he can be found at a place, No. 46, Centre Street. I will go there at once.

I feel much better: will you go with me, Colonel?" asked Granville.

It was in vain that Colonel Benson remonstrated, and tried to persuade his friend that such a course would be worse than useless. He was not to be persuaded, and when the Colonel, hoping that his refusal to go would prevent Mr. Granville from doing so foolish a thing, refused to accompany him, Mr. Granville rose and said—

"Well then, Colonel, I will go alone, and perhaps it is better that you should not go."

Isabel tried to dissuade her father from going out, but his mind was fully made up. Colonel Benson accompanied him as far as the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and there they shook hands and parted, the haughty British Colonel wishing his friend success in his present attempt.

When the latter reached Centre Street, he commenced examining the numbers in order to ascertain whereabouts No. 46 was located. He was in a quarter of the city with which he was no more acquainted than with the localities in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. He kept up Centre Street on the right hand side. At last he found the right number, and entered. His

striking appearance attracted Jemmy's attention the moment he entered the door. There was indeed a strong resemblance between the brothers. There were in the store the usual quantity of loafers, and the visitor, after passing his eyes over them, took a seat. Jemmy the bar-keeper had not had his eyes off the new-comer for a moment. As he entered he was serving a customer, but when he had finished that duty and placed the money in the drawer, he crossed towards where the merchant had seated himself.

"Can I serve to you anything, sir?" asked Jemmy.

The merchant laid down the paper.

"Yes, if you have any good brandy I would like some in water. I want good—no trash; here is a dollar. If you have no good brandy here, send out for some."

"I have some in a demijohn of the very choicest kind. It was selected by Colonel MacNeil, and kept exclusively for his use; he was a judge of that article, but since his death, no one has used any of it."

How long Jemmy would have gone on it is impossible to say, but no sooner had the name of

Colonel MacNeil caught the ear of the old gentleman than he interrupted him.

"Who did you say—Colonel MacNeil? what did he do here, or what do you know about him?" asked Mr. Granville, hastily.

Jemmy was now on his hobby. He informed his listener that Colonel MacNeil kept a room for fifty dollars a year; that his old bureau had stood in the rear of that very store until recently, when it was removed to his widow's house. He told him how the Colonel got hurt, and of the money which the Count Falsechinski had given him; of Mr. O'Doemall, who was last seen to converse with the Colonel—of Marion Monck—of the pledging of the pistols, and of his opening the store the next morning, and of finding MacNeil all bloody; of his being taken to the hospital by young Marion Monck, and how surprised everybody about the place was to hear next day that the Colonel was dead.

"Not a word more; I cannot bear it, it is too frightful. I knew the Colonel well. Here, my lad. I know you were very kind to poor Mac; he was a friend of mine, and a hard fate he had! Take this and put it in your pocket. I give it

to you out of regard to his memory," and at the same time he took from his pocket a roll of money, from which he selected a ten dollar bill. Presenting it to Jemmy, who thanked him very warmly, the young man resumed attending to the customers, who were cursing at his absence.

Mr. Granville continued buried in deep thought. Occasionally his eyes would glance over the casks and barrels of liquor, but his thoughts were of a most melancholy character. A thousand traits of the amiable disposition of his friend flashed across his memory, and he soliloquized, "Here he kept out of the gay world and his former associates for years; he too, the gallant, wealthy, successful and envied favourite of fashionable society, was reduced to this haunt, and to a room at a dollar a week in the neighbourhood. Good God! what may we not all expect? what may not the most powerful and wealthy be reduced to! Perhaps it will be my fate; who knows? Here too is a favourite haunt of my poor brother Thomas; well, I am glad I have come here. I see things as they are and as they have been. I am learning a lesson in life which I should be long in learning in my own handsome mansion in

State Street." He looked at the different persons in the place. "All of them, I suppose, have seen better days." While he was thus reflecting, a hand was quietly placed upon his shoulder—it was his brother.

He could not speak. Not so, however, Tom; he took a seat and commenced—

"Well, Pitt, how goes the world with you?"

"So-so, Tom; but you are looking better than I expected. I had heard—but no matter. You are looking well."

Tom replied—

"Indeed! No thanks to you, though, brother Pitt. I should have looked bad enough had I been dependent on you; but I am glad to see you—heard of your son's marriage?" asked Tom.

Pitt Granville winced as he replied—

"Yes, I have heard it, and it pained me much; it is a very disgraceful affair."

"Could he do anything else? he had no money, and I suppose he might have starved but for that girl. It is to him I owe my present respectable appearance; had I applied to you, I presume I might have starved, eh?" said Tom.

"No, Tom, no; I came here to-day on purpose to afford you relief if you needed it."

"Needed it? I do need it—need money."

Tom said this, for he had become heartless, and had determined to adhere to his plan of getting gold whenever he could—he felt that something had shaken or softened his brother's feelings, and he was now anxious to know to what extent he could venture a financial demand.

"How much do you want, Tom, to make you comfortable?" asked the brother.

"All that you can spare. I want a home, with some money in my pocket besides that which I want to return to Miss Norris, which I borrowed of her."

Tom lied when he added this last.

"How much do you owe Miss Norris?" asked the merchant anxiously and quickly.

"What is the use of asking such a foolish question? Let me have some money, if you intend to do so, and I will then go and pay her," said Tom.

The elder Granville took out his pocket-book, and handed his brother two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Take that, Tom. Make it go as far as you can. Above all, pay Miss Norris what you owe her. When you need more you can send to me or call upon me. Find some respectable boarding-house, and get settled in it," said Pitt Granville.

Thomas Granville placed the money in his pocket, and then his mouth was opened. He informed his brother that he had been present at the wedding of his nephew without being aware of it, until the clergyman had made the parties man and wife. Pitt Granville groaned in agony as he listened to the narrative. Tom did not spare his brother from reproaches. He told him that he had driven Walter from his home, and how severely he had been punished for it. He then related his own hardships: his want of food, of sleep, of ordinary comforts. But he added, "I thank you, brother, that even now your heart has relented. It has done me good to see and feel some of the hardships of life, and if I live, they shall not have happened to me in vain. I will never be in such desperate want again." The elder Granville listened, but could say nothing in reply but to beg his brother to come

and see him at his house in State Street as though nothing unpleasant had ever occurred. He shook him cordially by the hand, and remonstrated kindly at his not having a more respectable haunt. When he had gone Tom exclaimed, "Well, I am in luck. Who would have dreamed that I, a poor devil two days since, that lacked a meal of victuals, wanted a shilling to get a night's lodging, charged with prigging two cents' worth of pie, should now be worth—let me count my fortune. My gold, my yellow slave—five hundred and odd dollars. Well—

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

"It is flood with me. Maybe, whatever I do will turn out lucky. What are my lucky numbers? This is 46. I came here, met my nephew, got clothes, home, and board. Good—46 is a lucky number. Then I went up to that she devil's in Bond Street, No. 32, I came away with a pocket full of money. Two hundred and sixty dollars in good city bills. 32 is a lucky number. Now, to-day my brother Pitt wakes up, and

comes from a sick bed in No. 9 State Street to give me two hundred and fifty dollars. No. 9 is a lucky number. 9, 32, 46. If I could get a ticket with those three numbers upon it, wouldn't it win? Of course it would. I'll go and try. If I can't get a ticket with those numbers upon it in the very next lottery, I will go for once into the policy business, and gig those numbers for five hundred dollars. Jemmy, give me a mild drink. Make it merciful.

> 'The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.'

"James, take a drink with me. It will do you good. I am going to seek for money. James, when you are poor, never try to borrow. No one will lend a poor man. Get ten dollars, and if you want to borrow a ten, go to your friend and show him *that* ten, and tell him you have to make up twenty dollars. He will lend you ten. With the twenty dollars go to a second friend, show him the twenty dollars, and repeat the story, but

make the amount you have to make up fifty, and borrow thirty dollars. No. 2 will lend you it. With a fifty you can raise up fast. Show it to your No. 3 friend. 'Charley, I have to lend Bill Astor's nephew a hundred this morning. Count that pile and see how much I lack, and then lend it to me like a good fellow.' Ah! Jemmy, you find Charley counts it, and lends you the lacking fifty with pleasure. He would have seen you damned before he would have lent you fifty cents if he thought you really needed it and had not got it. Jemmy, you have now a hundred. Get it all in small bills, except one of fifty, and put that on top. Now go to No. 4 friend. Tell him you have to buy a draft to remit three hundred dollars to your brother in Philadelphia, and only need a hundred. 'Hand over, old fellow.' No. 4 is not going to count your pile. He sees the fifty dollar bill and a pile. He lends you the money without a word. You have now got two hundred. Take an old bank book and go to some friend who has plenty of money, but who is always on the borrow. Put in your two hundred dollars, and then say to him that you are short to make up a thousand, and if he will let you have three

hundred dollars he will oblige you, and you will do as much for him next week. With the three hundred you can travel. Then return the one hundred and ninety dollars that you have borrowed respectively from No. 1, ten dollars; No. 2, thirty dollars; No. 3, fifty dollars; and No. 4, one hundred dollars. Return all these loans, exhibiting your full stock as you do so. With the three hundred dollars in hand, you can borrow three times that amount from your Nos. 1 to 4 friends, with whom you have established a credit. You can travel on this credit. You can victimize one of them occasionally, or increase your list to ten or twenty friends, of whom, at any time, you can borrow easily three hundreds, but of whom you could never borrow three cents if you needed it. Jemmy, I am going to try my luck. I have five hundred dollars. I will double my money to-night. I am in luck. See if it is not so. Your very good health." Thomas Granville finished his glass and left No. 46, Centre Street.

At that time, and until within a very few years, there was a young man named Clark, who kept an exchange office on the north-west corner of

Duane and Chatham Streets, where Sweeney's Hotel now stands. In the front office Mr. Clark did an exchange business. In the rear, partly divided by a low wooden partition, he kept and sold lottery tickets. There was an entrance to this rear office from Duane Street. Into this little cubby place came Tom Granville. He asked to see some tickets, and they were shown him. He examined wholes, halves, quarters, eights, in the Pokomoke Lottery, but upon no ticket could he find his combination of 9, 32, and 46. He was then shown the Delaware Lottery. Upon a half ticket, true enough, he found 9, 32, 46. He bought the half ticket at once, and paid for it five dollars, and left the place. For luck, he placed his half-ticket among his roll of bills, and then went up to the "Hotel de Paris," entered his room, and laid down to take a nap. When he awoke, the light from a street lamp was streaming into his room. He descended to take a cup of coffee, and then carelessly approached Madame Vigne, the landlady.

"Madam, I have more money about me than I care to carry. Will you keep it for me?" asked Tom.

"Certainly, with pleasnre. How much have you?" she asked.

"About five hundred dollars, I believe,"—and Tom handed her the roll.

"Five hundred!" repeated the landlady, who, from Tom's looks, supposed his deposit might reach about twenty. She counted it, and it overran about twenty dollars.

"Give me that for spending money," said Tom, and he received and placed it in his pocket.

Thomas Granville had travelled. He knew that there was no safer banker in the world than a careful, prudent French landlady. His money he knew was as safe in Mrs. Vigne's hands as in those of the wealthiest banker of New York. Tom drank his coffee.

"It is a long time since I have played. I will go and try my luck to-night"—and so saying he buttoned up his overcoat and went out into Broadway. He soon found himself in a large gambling establishment at Barclay Street. Tom was in luck. When he entered the room the deal was almost out. Without looking at the state of the game, he put all his money in a roll. He placed it upon the "queen." "My luck is

in a lady," was his only observation. The queen won. The amount was counted and paid. Tom left it lying on the queen. The queen won again. The sum was paid.

"There is another 'queen' in the box yet," said some one.

"Then I will leave it all upon my friend the queen," said Tom, drily. The queen won a third time, and Tom placed in his pocket a hundred and sixty dollars, adding, "Now I will get me some supper." He drank sparingly of a bottle of wine, tasted a choice bit of game, and returned to the table, and bought a hundred dollars' worth of red chips. Then he played cautiously, and only one or two, until of some particular card, three had been dealt out, and one remained in the box. Then Tom played fifty dollars on a "bet." He won until he had two hundred and fifty dollars bet on different cards. When the deal was over, he was a winner of over four hundred and fifty dollars. He had sixty in his pocket. He returned to the hotel, and handing another roll to Madame Vigne, he said, "Here, madam, add this to my sum in your hands. She took the money, but made no

comment, and Tom joined old Mr. Gemmel in a game of dominoes. He was perfectly self-possessed—not elated, and when midnight came went quietly to bed.

Towards evening the next day he went to Clark's exchange office. Mr. Clark recognized him.

"You had 9, 32, and 46—half ticket in the Delaware, had you not?" he asked.

"I believe I have that ticket," replied Tom.

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir," said the broker. "It has drawn two thousand five hundred dollars. The half is one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, gross. Discount off will be one thousand and thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. Call here to-morrow, and I will cash the prize, and pay you one thousand and thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents."

Thomas Granville went around to 46, Centre Street. Jemmy asked him what his luck had been. "I made over a thousand, Jemmy," and he told him the particulars. Tom did not drink as freely as usual. The next day he received the money from the ticket. He went to Madame Vigne, showed it to her, and received the sum

she had on deposit, amounting to over a thousand dollars. Then Tom took two thousand dollars and went down to the savings bank and deposited it to his own credit, and received a bank book.

CHAPTER X.

Marion Monck and the Harpers—Publishes a Book—Virgil Maxcy and John C. Calhoun — James Harper and the Temperance Societies—Tom Flynn as a Lecturer—Mr. Monck writes him a Lecture on Temperance—Its Delivery at the Tabernacle—Tom a Delinquent—The Dinner ordered by Mr. Flynn and paid for by Mr. Monck—End of Thomas Flynn, Comedian, in the Almshouse.

Marion Monck felt quite elated with the first money he earned with his pen, and it was but the commencement of another task. Marion had a friend in Maryland whose name was Virgil Maxcy. This gentleman was a statesman and a scholar. His melancholy fate a few years after the date of this chapter is fresh in the memory of thousands. He was an invited guest on board the steamship Princeton, when a cannon burst, and killed Mr. Maxcy and several others.

This gentleman had prepared a work for the

press. It was the life of a friend—the great southern statesman, Calhoun; and he wrote to Marion Monck, requesting him to publish it at the establishment of Harper and Brothers, and to superintend the publication. Marion accepted the trust, and forthwith made an agreement with the Harpers to publish this life at a stipulated price, the copyright to belong to Marion Monck. This was the wish of Mr. Maxcy, and it was his desire that the profits of the publication should accrue to Marion, for the trouble it would occasion him to attend to the business, read the proofs, etc.

Not long after he commenced the work, he received a package of speeches from Mr. Calhoun himself, with a request that he would also superintend the publication of a volume of speeches. This Marion readily undertook; and in the performance of the duties, it required him to be a frequent, in fact an almost daily, visitor at the establishment of the Messrs. Harpers. One afternoon, as he was about to leave for his boarding-house, he was stopped by one of the brothers.

"Have you an engagement to-night?" he asked.

It was James Harper.

"None in particular," was the reply. "Why do you ask me?"

"Because if you have not, I should like to have you spend the evening with me," said James Harper.

"Nothing that you could propose would give me greater pleasure," replied Marion.

"Then come with me, for I am going home," said Mr. Harper.

The two started for Mr. Harper's residence, which was at no great distance from the publishing building. He then resided in Rose Street, next door to the Quaker Church. Marion knew the house well, for in the abolition riots, some years before, he had seen the mob enter that identical two story brick house, then occupied by Lewis Tappan, and plunder it of its furniture, which they burned in the street before the door. When they were inside the house, Mr. Harper ordered tea, remarking that Mrs. Harper would not be present, as she was very ill—in fact, dangerously so. She died not many days after. After tea was finished, Mr. Harper remarked—

"A carriage will be here presently, to take

me where I can fulfil an engagement. I want you to go with me."

The carriage came. Both entered it, and continued talking until it stopped before the doors of a church in Forsyth Street.

"We get out here," said James Harper. "Follow me."

Marion did so, into the church, up to the pulpit. Mr. Harper opened a pew door near the altar, and when Marion had passed in and taken a seat, he shut the door and passed to the pulpit, and took the principal seat. Marion then noticed that the church was crowded with people, called together for some sort of purpose, and that Mr. Harper was to be the chairman of the meeting.

The exercises soon commenced, and then Marion discovered that it was the anniversary of a Temperance Society. Prayer was made, a hymn was sung, then a clergyman made a speech, another hymn, another address and another hymn. Then there was a pause. The chairman then arose, and with great seriousness announced that the Rev. Doctor Tyng was expected to make an address that evening, and added, "But illness in his family will prevent him. This would be a

great disappointment under ordinary circumstances, but I am happy to inform the meeting, that I have secured the services of a young gentleman, who I am sure will favour us with a short address, that can fill up the gap caused by the non-appearance of Dr. Tyng. He is extremely clever, and has written a book that my firm has published. I am not aware that he has ever joined any temperance society—very likely he may do so to-night. Allow me to introduce to this audience Marion Monck."

Marion had followed Mr. Harper's language, wondering what he was driving at; but when he pounced down upon him by name, and pointed at the seat where he was sitting, he was completely thunderstruck. Had the steeple tumbled in upon the crowd, it would not have astonished him half so much. He was so vexed with James Harper, that it gave him the confidence necessary to make an address, and he did astonish that crowd for half an hour. He was really eloquent upon the temperance topic, and his address was received with great applause. The services were soon after over, and he again got into the carriage with James Harper, intending to blow him

up for placing him in such a false position. It was of no use. Mr. Harper laughed at him, and when they parted that night, Marion observed, "Have a care, Mr. Harper; this is the last time you will ever bring me in for a temperance address."

The next day, when Marion made his appearance in Cliff Street, the other brothers had a hearty laugh at his expense, and at the "sell" so successfully made by "Brother James." Marion received it all in good part, and enjoyed the joke as well as any of them.

The Harpers were always interested in the Temperance reformation. They upheld the "Washingtonian Parent Society" in the good old times, when that Society counted upon its books the names of over ten thousand reformed drunkards, and were not sparing in their aid to the Society and its various branches, or to individual members.

When the excitement that this Society caused, and which would crowd their weekly meetings with two and three thousand people, had died away, it was followed and replaced by a new order of things, called the Sons of Temperance.

Then the Daughters of Temperance. In these movements the Harpers engaged earnestly, and none more so than Brother James. He was active in all of them, and presided frequently at the annual meetings of these societies. Then came the Rechabites. In the latter James Harper was a principal leader.

To his credit be it said, he was extremely liberal to those who were without means, but who were willing to aid in the Temperance movement. Gough, Wallace, and many others were indebted for means to be useful to Mr. Harper. When Brother James found a person in any particular profession who was likely to be useful in making converts from that profession, he encouraged him to become a speaker and leader in the great Temperance movement.

Not long after the appearance of Marion Monck in the Chrystie Street Church, he was engaged in reading some proofs at his own room, when a visitor was announced. He was shown up. This visitor was a stout, thick-set, full-faced individual, and he brought a note from Mr. James Harper, introducing him to Marion Monck.

"Sit down, sir," said Marion.

"Certainly—with pleasure. That note is from Mr. Harper—my very particular friend, James Harper. He is to assist me in giving a lecture at the Tabernacle, and he told me to come and see you," said the fussy individual.

"I do not see how I can aid you in the matter," replied Marion.

"Indeed, but I do. I told Mrs. Flynn this morning, and she is extremely well aware of the fact, that I could and should deliver an extremely interesting lecture, if I had it written for me. There is money to be made in it. Thousands, sir, will crowd to hear Tom Flynn deliver a lecture at the Tabernacle. The house will be a perfect jam, sir. Mr. Harper advances the money. I shall be a great card, sir—an immense card to the cause of Temperance," said Mr. Flynn.

"How long since you joined the movement?" inquired Marion.

"Over a week, sir—nearly two. Now, sir, I am an actor. I am not good at an off-hand speech or lecture, unless I have it all *pat* beforehand. Now, you write out the lecture for me—

that's a dear good fellow. Mr. Harper said you were just the chap to do it, and I know you will. I can learn it by heart in a very short time after it is written—*that* is in my line. I shall reform the whole theatrical profession—make 'em all join. My lecture will be perfectly overwhelming. When will you go to work? I want it done at once," said Flynn.

Marion took a good look at his customer. There was something so jolly about Tom Flynn, that no one could help admiring him, until they had become well acquainted with the man. Then admiration generally ceased.

"Well, Mr. Flynn, suppose I write this lecture. You will make money by it. What am I to get for writing it?" asked Marion.

"Oh, anything you please—we won't stand upon trifles. Money to be paid over after the lecture," said Tom Flynn.

"I would like to have it understood now how much I am to get. Will twenty dollars be too much?"

"Not half enough, my dear boy. It will be a magnificent hit. I'll bring down the house. Bless your heart! I shall want you to write fifty

—a hundred lectures. Harper says I must visit every city in the United States, and deliver my lectures, and then go to Europe. Star it on Temperance all through England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. I will keep you with me, my boy—eh? How do you like that?'"

Marion was in a hearty good humour with the illustrious Tom, and agreed to go at once into the matter. To do this, it was necessary that he should go to Tom's apartments. These, Tom said, were at the Shakespeare Hotel, corner of Duane and William Street. Accompanied by Marion, Tom wended his way from Fulton Street to the Shakespeare. This was kept at that time by a man named Pierrers, now steward of the St. Nicholas Hotel. Tom Flynn's apartment was on the fourth floor; and into his room, for he had but one, he ushered Marion Monck. There was a lady seated there, and the new comer was introduced with much ceremony to the celebrated and extremely clever Mrs. Flynn.

She received Marion with much amiability, and listened to her husband's extravagant ideas of his success in temperance matters with a smile of incredulity. At that time Mrs. Flynn was a

woman of great beauty, and her success as an actress had been long gained. Tom Flynn was doing nothing at all, and the means of support were earned by Mrs. Flynn at the theatre in Chatham Street.

It was a long time before Marion could get Tom down to common affairs, or the practical business in hand. He had no more idea of a temperance lecture, than he had of Mahomet's Koran; and would relate theatrical anecdotes, and his own experience, that had no more connection with temperance than with algebra; and Marion with a powerful imagination, could not torture or twist any of Tom's stories into the skeleton ideas for a lecture. At last he gave up in despair, and went to his room. There the thought crossed him to write a lecture without the slightest reference to Tom Flynn. He did so. All the experience in it, and thrilling scenes, were purely imaginative—none of Tom's at least. When it was finished, Marion carried the lecture to Tom's quarters at the Shakespeare. It was read in presence of both Mr. and Mrs. Tom Flynn. The latter approved it, and flattered Marion by telling him that his performance was

a most creditable one. Tom undertook to learn it at once.

Some days passed, and the eventful night came, when the Tabernacle doors were opened to admit the celebrated Thomas Flynn to deliver a temperance lecture—"tickets twenty-five cents." There *was* a crowd, and notwithstanding an enormous quantity of "dead heads," the lecture was a money-making affair. Tom hired some person to act as treasurer, and when the lecture was finished, he grabbed the proceeds.

Marion Monck went into the gallery to hear his own original lecture delivered. It certainly made a sensation, and was cheered tremendously. There was no humbug about that. Marion felt convinced of one thing. The lecture had some points in it that told well on an audience. Tom delivered it well. He had learned it by heart, as though it had been a part of a farce, and it appeared to the audience as though it was extemporized. So far so good.

Marion tried to get a sight of Tom Flynn after the lecture was delivered, but Thomas, with seventy or eighty dollars in his pocket, was not to be seen. The next day the chase continued,

and he found the lecturer about three o'clock in a drinking saloon. Thomas was not exactly sober, nor was he very drunk. It was a sort of maudlin medium.

"My dear boy, where have you kept yourself? I have been hunting for you all day. Ask Thomas Shortland if I have not. Come now, let us go and have a nice, quiet, old-fashioned dinner. I have ordered one for us both, and let us go to the place at once," said Tom Flynn, and he appeared extremely anxious to get to the dinner. It was an enormous fib, but never mind that. The author and the actor wended their way over into a Broadway restaurant. The proprietor placed them in a small room by themselves. When they were fairly seated, and the dinner had been ordered, Mr. Monck boned Tom about the twenty dollars.

"Bless your heart, my dear boy, I had to pay out every cent. You have no idea what a time I have had! Wasn't it a capital house? How they did cheer! My fortune is made. I've struck a vein. Harper says he never saw anything like it. Mr. Harper advanced the rent of the building, but I had so many demands made upon me

for money to-day, that I cannot refund him his advance. It is a hard case, ain't it? But those Harpers are rich, he won't feel it. When will you commence another lecture for me, Mr. Monck?" said Tom.

Marion Monck was really indignant: and he replied angrily, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Flynn, I don't consider this fair treatment. I wrote your lecture for you. You have made money, and I expected to have received the twenty dollars at once."

"You are perfectly right, my boy. I don't blame you—not a bit of it. I'd feel just the same, if a man had used me as shabbily as I have you. I know it is outrageous. You ought to have had the money. But what am I to do? You see how I am placed. Dead broke, but never mind, we will have a good dinner any how. I expect it will be a magnificent dinner. Do you know I like good dinners? What do you say to a bottle of Champagne, eh?"

"I am agreed," replied Marion, "but what would your temperance friends say if they were to drop in upon you, James Harper, for instance?"

"Oh, he be blamed. It will not do for me to break off so sudden from *all* stimulants. It must be done by degrees," replied the actor.

The wine was ordered, not one bottle, but two, was placed upon the table. A splendid dinner was served up, for Tom Flynn knew how to order a good dinner. It was well cooked. It was a dinner that any gentleman in the land might have been proud to have partaken of. Under its genial influence Marion became reconciled to the disappointment connected with the twenty dollars. Tom promised faithfully that he should have it in less than twenty-four hours. Still Marion refused to write a second lecture until he received pay for number one, and he added, "Flynn, you can make money as a temperance lecturer, if you will deliver twenty lectures written by me, and do as you have done this one, by each *new* one. Learn it by heart. By the time you have committed twenty lectures to heart, and can deliver one on call, you can then practise on all, and really you will have matter enough to deliver an extempore lecture apparently, merely throwing in a few local facts or matters whenever you deliver a lecture at a new place. You will suc-

ceed, and you will be a popular lecturer, but you must pay *me* honest every time I write you a lecture. It was very wrong in you to 'do' Mr. Harper out of the Tabernacle rent," said Marion.

"It was bad, very bad, a d—— shame. But it can't be helped now, and I dare say Mr. Harper won't mind it. What a glorious dinner we have made, eh? Is there anything else you will have? Order whatever you have a fancy for, wines, cigars, coffee, d—— the expense. One may as well be in for a sheep as a lamb," said Tom.

Here the landlord came in, and was very polite to Marion. He asked if there was anything else he could put upon the table. "Nothing more," was the joint reply. When the proprietor of the restaurant passed out from the little room where the author and actor had dined, Tom Flynn followed him, and after an absence of a quarter of an hour (during which time Marion was extremely anxious, for he had no money, and he feared Tom had departed, leaving him in a strange place to foot the bill), he returned, rubbing his hands in great glee, and exclaimed, "Lord love your soul, my boy. It is *all* right. I told him who you were, and he said you could pay the bill when-

ever it suited your convenience. It takes me, don't it?"

Marion was indignant, and at first could not comprehend what Tom Flynn was driving at. "I! Satisfied with me? What the devil have I got to do with it? It is your dinner. You ordered it," said Marion.

"That is true. But keep perfectly calm—what difference does it make? I have no money—not a dollar. The bill is twelve dollars twenty-five cents. He wouldn't trust me twelve cents. I have satisfied him that you are as good as the Bank of France; that James Harper, or all the Harpers, would be responsible for fifty dinners; and that you were short to-day for a wonder, but would call back to-morrow and order a dozen dinners. He is perfectly satisfied, and will let us go out without the money. Don't be afraid," continued Tom Flynn, consolingly.

"Hang your infernal impudence! You told him the Harpers would pay my bill! that I was short—that—that——O, the devil! You have played Ned with me. It is bad enough to stick me for the lecture, but then to stick me for the dinner that I never ordered, and tell a parcel of

lies in order to induce the proprietor not to have us arrested, or kick us out of doors, is too bad. Tom Flynn, I will never forgive you—never," said Marion.

"Nonsense, my boy. We are all right. I've fixed it with the proprietor. Says you can pay it any time you like. What else can I do?" asked Tom.

"Else can you do? You had no business to come here, or induce me to come here, unless you could pay for what you ordered. But I have done with you—mark that!" Marion indignantly left the room, and went to the proprietor and told him how he had been stuck for the dinner. The landlord enjoyed the joke, and the next day Marion paid the bill.

To return to Tom Flynn. He delivered his lecture several times—once in Jersey City. He did well, but he could not keep from drink. It eventually *fetched* him, as it has millions of good fellows, and Thomas Flynn died in the Almshouse of New York city.

CHAPTER XI.

Reformation of Thomas Granville—The Hotel de Paris —The Domino Club—Bruce—Trinity Church Anecdote —The Beautiful French Girl Clotilde—Tom's Second Marriage—His Death at the Staten Island Small Pox Hospital.

Alas! alas! poor Tom Granville! gifted with genius, with kindness of heart, with everything which could make thee a worthy member of society, what a melancholy fate was thine! Why was this? He had thoroughly reformed, and changed his habits from being a careless spend-thrift into becoming a miser, and he counted every cent he expended, and incurred no outlay that he could do without.

In a former chapter we have related the manner in which he had accumulated the sum of two thousand dollars. This was deposited in the Savings' Bank, and the bank-book, as evidence of its being his property, he carried about with

him at all times, and not a day passed that he did not take it out and gaze earnestly at the items inside of it. He dressed neatly, and continued to board at the "Hotel de Paris," in Broadway. Unexceptionable in his conduct, he forswore houses of ill-fame, gambling, and excessive drinking; he had his bottle of claret daily at dinner, and drank sparingly even of that. As he dined with his brother every Sunday, during the week he would occasionally call in State Street, and invite his niece to promenade with him upon the Battery. If she did not go herself, she permitted one of her children, for she had now three fine boys, to go with "Uncle Tom." Such conduct won upon Pitt Granville, and he no longer hesitated about giving Tom money, nor even wait to be asked, but would frequently say—

"Well, Tom, how do you fight your men? Have you any ammunition left?"

Tom never replied in the affirmative, but always laughed, and pleaded poverty.

"I am about broke, but luckily my expenses are not much."

To such a hint, there was but one reply—

"Take this, Tom; perhaps you can spend it," and Tom would get a twenty or fifty dollar bill. After such financial successes, Tom would go to his hotel, and make a special deposit with his landlady, keeping in his own pocket a few shillings for his wants.

Thomas Granville visited almost every place of amusement, but he was on the free list, and did so without expense. He neither courted nor avoided the society of those with whom he had been formerly intimate in his prosperous days, and consequently they once more sought his society, for he dressed with care and taste, and his social habits made him always an agreeable companion. But on such occasions he never spent a fraction upon them; if he dined or drank with them, it was at their expense, not his own.

After being present at the wedding of his nephew with Miss Norris, he avoided them as he would poison. He however changed his deportment towards Marion Monck—he not only treated him kindly, but sought his society, and many an hour the two passed together in playing dominoes at the "Hotel de Paris," where Tom originated

a Domino Club. Besides themselves, there were men of some note that belonged to that club. Mr. Bruce, for many years the confidential clerk of old John Jacob Astor, and after his death holding the same position with his son, William B., was of this club.

Mr. Bruce was a character in his way. No man knew New York for forty years better than he did; he knew every house and building below Houston Street, and was a man who solved a difficulty in an unequalled manner. Upon one very extraordinary emergency, Mr. Bruce was called upon by a vestryman of Trinity Church.

"Bruce, the Corporation intend to open Pine Street through to Albany Street, and it will cut through our graveyard; what can be done to prevent it? Suggest something."

Mr. Bruce thought for a few moments, and then replied—

"Trinity is rich, and don't mind spending money. Go to work at once, and put up in the graveyard opposite Pine Street, where the proposed cut will go through, a costly monument to the memory of the American Patriots

who fell or died at Wall-about Bay. Give out that the bones of these revolutionary heroes were buried under the monument. Do that, and you will have no further bother. The Corporation are not bold enough to dig up the bones of Revolutionary heroes."

The vestrymen of old Trinity saw the wisdom of the hint. At their next meeting the monument was decided upon, and workmen commenced their labours at the head of Pine Street. Bruce was right—there stands the monument, and no street has yet disturbed it, or the bones of the Wall-about heroes, which probably repose some four miles off.

But to return to Mr. Bruce. He was posted upon every subject, and to an editor of a daily paper would have made a valuable assistant as a suggestive editor.

Another member of this club was Aaron Turner, one of the most remarkable men in New York. He was nicknamed "the Doctor," from his unvarying attention to any of his friends who became sick. One of the club was once confined to his room for thirty days—the "Doc" never left him. When the regular physician had given

the patient over to death, Doctor Turner interfered, and by feeding the dying man upon rear, half-raw beefsteak and old port wine, brought him round again, and he is still a member of the Domino Club.

The Doctor had an income of two thousand dollars a year. Half he spent on himself, and religiously devoted the other half to the relief of suffering humanity. No man knows how the Doctor lives, nor where he lives, and no man ever saw him do any regular business; and yet he is a master of all trades and all sciences. He can paint a picture, or he can set up thirty thousand ems of type a week with ease. He once navigated a schooner from Chagres to New York, and not many months afterwards, when a passenger on the Eric railroad, and the engineer and fireman were both killed, he mounted the engine, and ran her and the train eighteen miles to Port Jervis.

Old James Gemmel, the rich watchmaker in Broadway, was a member of the club for many years. He is dead now, and has gone to a better world, where dominoes are not permitted. There were others of the Domino Club. Some are

now living, and some are dead; but we omit mention of the former because they are cashiers in bank or judges upon the bench, and those who are dead are of no account in the "game."

Tom Granville was a great admirer of the game of dominoes, and of the society which it brought nightly around him.

One evening he came into the room where his friends were playing, and there he found Marion Monck; he seated himself at the centre table and called for a cup of coffee, observing—

"Gentlemen, I will take a hand in the next game with you. I have seen a leper to-day."

"A leper!" was repeated by a dozen members of the club.

"Yes, gentlemen, I have seen and conversed with a genuine leper to-day—no mistake about it. I myself had doubts about there being any lepers in this country, but I was mistaken. Listen to me, incredulous ones, and believe me. I was turning up into the Bowery from Chatham Square, on the left hand side as you go up, at Pell Street —a little bit of a street which empties into the Bowery near Chatham, I was detained a moment. I there saw a man surrounded by a lot of curious

boys; he was seated upon the ground, and his face was like a leper. I started the boys off, and then cross-questioned the individual. I gave him a quarter, and suggested that his face was covered with leprosy. He confessed it at once—what do you think of it, eh?" asked Tom triumphantly.

"Is leprosy catching?" inquired Mr. Gemmel.

"Pooh, pooh, no; it is nasty, but not catching," replied Tom.

Marion Monck had listened attentively; and when the story about the leprosy was finished, said—

"Mr. Granville, did you ever see a man with the small-pox?"

"No, I never did; and what is more, I never wish to, for I have never had it myself. But what the devil do you ask such a disagreeable question for? Who is talking about small-pox, and what has that got to do with my leper that I was telling you about?"

All the company shuddered at the suggestion. Marion replied calmly—

"I asked if you had ever seen a case of the small-pox, because I have been informed that before it breaks out, the appearance of the face

of the person who is infected bears very much the appearance of him who in Eastern climes is affected with the leprosy; that is all."

"Indeed! Come, don't let us say anything more about small-pox or leprosy; it makes me nervous," replied Tom.

So the subject was dropped, and just at that moment Madame Vigne came to the table and requested Tom to accompany her to the supper-room. Supper was on the table, but there were no guests partaking of it, and Madame and Tom were engaged in earnest conversation. Of the nature of that conversation we will give an idea before finishing this chapter.

Not a week had passed after Tom became a permanent occupant of this hotel, before a creature made her appearance behind the bar whose beauty was of a kind that startled as well as captivated at first sight. Granville had risen very early that morning, and descended the stairs. He went to the bar to address Madame Vigne, but the face that beamed upon him made him exclaim, "Good heavens! who are you?" The person thus addressed was a girl evidently not over fifteen years old, and girlish in every

action. Her hair was jet black, and combed back from a large alabaster forehead, and gathered up in a close knot that was as large as one-third of the girl's magnificent head. Her skin was perfectly transparent, and the clear white and red were only visible. She had a Grecian cast of features, and her smile, exhibiting a pair of delicate red lips and snow-white teeth, was irresistible. Her form was beautifully proportioned, and her movements were grace itself. She walked with that lithe and limping air, which in a young and beautiful girl has a powerful charm. She did not understand a word of English, but Tom spoke French as well as English.

They were alone in the room, and when Tom questioned her closely, she informed him that she had come from France, not many months previous, with her mother. She was from the very province in France of which Lyons is the capital. She had been frequently a visitor to that city. Tom could describe every building in it, and this at once was an interesting topic of conversation between them. Her name was Clotilde. She informed Tom Granville that her

mother had recently died, and that "Madame," so she called Mrs. Vigne, had agreed to support her, and she, in return, was to tend the bar and wait on such customers as called for coffee. Tom became really eloquent to the beautiful Clotilde. He told her of the dangers, of the attractions of her beauty; of the insults she would receive, and finally asked her if he, Tom, would get Mrs. Vigne to give up the idea of her tending bar, whether she would agree to it.

"I have money, and I will pay Madame Vigne your board, rather than you should be exposed to be gazed at and insulted," said Tom.

The honest heart-felt interest Tom expressed had its effect. The poor girl's eyes opened to the widest extent as she regarded Tom's speaking features. She was interested, and months of ordinary intercourse could not have made Clotilde so deeply grateful as that morning's conversation. Tom told her where his room was, and added, "For your own sake, I shall avoid conversing much with you while you are behind the bar. When you receive a signal from me, make your escape and come to my room." The girl agreed to do so. That day

Tom remonstrated with the Madame against employing the girl in the bar-room, but it made no impression on her mind. He offered to pay her board. That Madame listened to. The beautiful girl was employed as bar-tender for several days; but her ignorance of money, and the trouble her presence occasioned among the boarders, who all became in love with her, made the Madame anxious to withdraw her from such services. She talked with Tom Granville about it, and he again repeated his offer to pay her board.

"Very well, Mr. Granville, I agree to it on one condition. You shall tell me why you do this—why you care about her—and what are your intentions. I have a right to ask these questions for the *leetle* girl is under my charge."

"Certainly you have; and as my intentions are not wrong, I will tell you. You know that I have money. Very well. If you will keep this girl in the house, and let her go to school, I will pay all her expenses. When I find that she likes me, I will marry her. Is that enough?" asked Tom.

It was more than enough. Madame at once

summoned the fair object of so much trouble, and informed her of what Tom had proposed.

"I love Monsieur Granville now with all my heart and soul," was the frank response of the girl. In fact, not a day had passed that she had not been to Tom's room and held a conversation with him. Not a hand or a finger had Tom placed upon her. Not a single caress at their interviews, and the young French girl who had expected, and was prepared to repel them, was agreeably disappointed, and these facts, combined with Tom's fascinating manners, had won her heart. When other boarders had been civil to her, or made love to her, she had repelled them with as much scorn as if some great wrong had been proposed to Tom. When Tom had the conversation with Madame, and she agreed to his proposition, Clotilde was at once taken out of the bar. She became a sort of companion to the Madame, and Tom, with her sanction, went out with Clotilde about every night, and visited some place of amusement. She was delighted. Tom told her to regard herself as his wife, and to ask for money, and he proffered all she needed from week to week. One night he had been with

her at the opera, where her extreme beauty had attracted the attention of all in the vicinity. As they were returning home, linked arm in arm, Tom asked her if she would marry him. Clotilde replied at once. She would do so then or at any time. Tom Granville pressed the white hand that reposed in his own, and begged her to listen to his story. He then told her of his wife—gave the entire history, and again asked the sweet French girl if she would marry him.

"I love you more than ever, because you have been so badly treated by that proud woman," replied Clotilde.

All went to bed that night pleased, and the next day the marriage was quietly performed. Madame changed Clotilde from her old room to one that adjoined Tom's, and which communicated by a door—the two rooms having been occupied formerly as a parlour and a bedroom. No noise was made. All was done quietly, and not a soul was the wiser of these matters but Madame herself; and Tom Granville found himself the actual possessor of one of the loveliest girls that France had ever sent to these shores. Tom admired his new wife. He found her as charming in mind as

she was in person, and she returned his love with ardour, for it was her first love, and she worshipped him. A few days after their occupying the same apartments, Tom playfully told her that she was a perfect copy, made by Nature, of the "Venus de Medicis," and added, "I want to see your hair fall as Nature made it." She undid the fastening, flung it loose, and the dark masses, when she leaned slightly backward when standing, swept the floor. Tom caressed her, and while playing and tangling it, observed, "Dear Clotilde, I was not deceived. The first time I met you, I was attached to you by your *hair*."

"But, Tom, it was all done up in a tight knot. How could you tell whether it was long or short, thick or thin?" she asked.

"My eyes could not deceive me in the beautiful ornament, my dear Clotilde," replied Tom.

Tom became really happy. He had something to love, and something to love him. His stern economy can now be accounted for. The extra expense incurred by his beautiful companion was nothing. The Madame merely added a few dollars to his monthly board, and Clotilde Granville was her companion when Tom was out, or when

engaged in the domino-room. At the table she ate her meals with Madame and her husband, and Tom continued to take his at the same time. Thomas Granville had been thus pleasantly situated for some weeks, when the occurrence took place in reference to the lesson which we have narrated at the beginning of this chapter. The pleasant arrangement between Thomas Granville and Clotilde had some drawbacks. Tom accompanied her whenever she went out, and her beauty attracted great attention. Tom's friends made many inquiries as to who she was. His *roué* acquaintances tried hard to get an introduction. It was all in vain.

Early one morning, Tom, accompanied by Clotilde, was sauntering upon the Battery. He had pointed out to his companion the house occupied by his brother, when that same brother stood suddenly before them. Tom was not often taken by surprise, and, without a moment's hesitation, he introduced Clotilde as Madame Michel. Never did a more perfect lady stand upon the Battery, and Pitt Granville was sensibly aware of it. He was a gentleman when he chose to be so, and immediately offered his arm. Tom explained that

Madame Miche lhad but recently arrived to look after some property of her husband, who had died in Martinique, where the widow was bound; that he knew her in France, and was agreeably surprised to meet her here at the Hotel de Paris, where she was stopping. Clotilde had learned English from Tom to an extent that enabled her to express a few words very prettily in English, and Pitt Granville talked on as though she understood all he was saying. At last he invited them over to breakfast. This Tom explained to the lady, but prudently declined, giving a satisfactory excuse. Before Pitt Granville parted from them, he placed some money in Tom's hands, and after his departure Tom handed it to Clotilde, and then returned up Broadway to the hotel. Clotilde could not conceal her satisfaction at having met with Tom's brother.

"What shall I do with so much money as you give me? Every week it is a great deal. All you have given to Madame she has given to me. I pay all our bills. I pay for nice dresses for myself, and yet we have plenty left. I have more than four hundred dollars in my pocket-book."

Tom found that his brother Pitt had given him

a hundred; and the next day he took Clotilde to the Savings' Bank, and had four hundred more passed to his credit. The teller also, at Tom's request, gave a new book, placing all Tom's money, amounting to about twenty-four hundred dollars, in such a manner that Clotilde Michel or himself could either of them draw the money on presenting the book. He explained the matter fully to Clotilde after they left the bank. She was amazed.

"Do you mean to say that in case I should take that little book, and go to that bank without you, that they would pay me all that money—twenty-four hundred dollars?" asked Clotilde.

"Every cent of it, pet, and ask you no questions. It has been placed to your credit as well as to mine. So we must take good care of the book," said Tom.

The French girl was very much affected. Such generosity surprised her. "Why have you done this?" she asked.

"To make you comfortable in case of my death. I know you would never rob me of it, or abuse my confidence in your integrity and virtue. Clotilde, I want to see you placed above want, in

case of accident to me. You love me, and you make me very happy. What is a few hundred dollars with what you are to me—a fond, loving friend ?" said Tom, earnestly.

The French girl wept. She fully comprehended Tom, and she determined that she would make him happy as long as he lived, and she did.

There are many of the then boarders at the Hotel de Paris who are now living, and who will well remember a tragedy that occurred in that hotel, and which originated with this fair French girl. A young Frenchman came out from France, and stopped at the Hotel de Paris. He had a room on the same floor with Tom, and directly opposite Tom's room. He had seen this young girl, as he supposed, and fell madly in love with her—regular French frenzy love. He offered money to Clotilde to marry him. Of course, her mind was filled with Tom Granville, and she rejected all overtures from the young Frenchman with scorn. He knew nothing of Tom Granville, and he consulted Madame Vigne. She told young Paris to keep quiet, and assured him that he had not a show to gain the affections of her young countrywoman.

On Sunday morning the young Frenchman wrote a letter to Clotilde. She at once handed it to Tom. The letter was returned to young France. Soon after Tom descended to the bar-room, and was in the act of lighting his cigar, when one of the waiters rushed downstairs and said that young France had blown his brains out. Tom and Madame Vigne hurried upstairs to the suicide's room. He had strength enough to say that he had been despised by Clotilde, and life was no longer valuable.

"Poor devil, what a melancholy fool!" quietly observed Tom, as he went to Clotilde's and his own room, and they locked themselves in while he explained the tragedy. A coroner's jury was called: and, as the young man had in his trunk over a thousand francs in gold pieces, he had a superb funeral. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the circumstances, without the slightest idea of the real state of the case. Thomas reflected upon the matter like a philosopher, but Clotilde scouted the idea of such foolishness as any man killing himself on her account.

This tragedy decided Tom to move his quarters,

and to take Clotilde with him. The very day he met the "Leper" man he had been looking for a part of a house in the eastern part of the town. Some days passed, and meanwhile Clotilde went with him to look at the house he proposed renting, when an event occurred that destroyed all housekeeping projects.

Tom complained of being ill, and kept himself in his room for a day or more. Marion Monck called, and Tom ordered the servant to bring him upstairs to his apartment. Clotilde was with him, and refused to leave the room. When Marion entered, Tom received him cordially; and, after a short conversation, made him take a seat closer to him.

"Marion, do you know that I have fretted myself about that 'Leper' I told you of. I am satisfied that the man has the small-pox."

The last words he whispered in Marion's ear.

"Good God! You don't think so, really?"

"I do—and what is more, I have caught it."

"Nonsense;" replied Marion. "But I will go and bring you a doctor."

"That you may do; and mind, if I have it, will you see me conveyed to the Staten Island Small

Pox Hospital? I don't want to go to the Almshouse, and I know I must leave this hotel. Not a word to a soul, remember."

Marion promised and then left the room, and immediately went for Doctor Carnochan, a physician as well known to Tom as himself. The doctor came, and pronounced upon the case at once. It was the small-pox. And now shone out the worth and the devotion of a true-hearted woman. It was decided that Tom should be taken at once to Staten Island. Clotilde refused to leave him. Marion went down to the Island and made all the necessary arrangements, and that very afternoon Tom was conveyed to the Staten Island Hospital, and Clotilde was by his side as his nurse. She did not leave him for a moment.

Marion returned to the city, and informed Madame Vigne of the real state of the case. She was alarmed, but kept the matter secret. Tom's apartments were fumigated, and no other case occurred. Mr. Monck visited the Island and made daily inquiries after Tom, but did not see him. A week told the story. Thomas Granville was dead.

While he was ill, Clotilde never slept but for an instant or two at a time. He was raving and did not know her: but just before he died he became perfectly sensible. He knew her.

"God bless you, my own dear Clotilde. It is hard to part with you, hard to part with life, just as I have learned how to live and to enjoy it; and you, of all the world that I have known, are the only one by my side in this awful crisis. Don't weep—don't quiver. Bear up as well as you can. When I am dead, go and draw the money in the bank for your own purposes. It is yours. If there is any objection, the will I made and gave Madame Vigne is good. That is not all. When a week has elapsed, go to my brother, and tell him all. Tell him how you have been devoted to me to the bitter end of my useless life, and he will be softened—he will—O, my God!—it's dark—get a light—Jesu——"

Clotilde had lifted his head up, but with the partly uttered word of our Saviour's name, he fell back upon the pillow a corpse, and his nurse—the beautiful Clotilde, faithful to the last, fell senseless upon his body.

She witnessed the burial of Thomas Granville,

which was solemn and immediate. Then she left the hospital where he had died, and came up to the city a stern, beautiful woman. She was no longer the passionate, loving, laughing girl. She went directly to the Hotel de Paris, and the Madame gave her the old apartments, which had not been rented. She waited a week, and then called on Pitt Granville. He was bowed down, and took poor Tom's death much to heart. She narrated all that had passed, and showed Tom's bank book, his will, and the other papers. Mr. Granville rang the bell, and ordered the carriage.

"I will go with you to the savings' bank," he added; and when the carriage was ready, they entered it together, and proceeded to the bank. Mr. Granville was well known there. He asked if there would be any difficulty in Clotilde receiving the money—the twenty-four hundred dollars?

"None whatever. Whenever she wishes she can draw it out," replied the official.

"Then add this to her credit in the book," said Mr. Granville; and when Clotilde saw the entry in the book, she discovered that Tom's brother had given her twenty-five hundred

dollars. He begged her to use his name, and to call upon him whenever he could be of service to her; and he conveyed her to the Hotel de Paris in his own carriage, and there left her. He never saw her again. Neither did Clotilde remain but a few days longer at the Hotel de Paris. She then left, and what her fate was did not transpire for many years.

Our readers may be anxious to know what that fate was.

Twelve years after the event of Tom Granville's death, a beautiful woman called upon Marion Monck. She had just returned from California, where she had amassed a large property. She called herself Mrs. Granville, and she went with Marion to a French banking-house and bought bills of exchange on Paris to the extent of eight hundred thousand francs. She was older and more majestic than formerly. She went to France, but what became of her is a mystery; and what had been the manner of her earning so large a property in California was a still greater mystery.

Tom Granville was soon forgotten, and our narrative will now return to its regular course.

CHAPTER XII.

The Globe Hotel and Blancard—John O'Doemall—The Colonel and Lady Helen Clairfoot—The Bloomingdale Asylum and an Inmate.

For many years a large hotel called the "Globe Hotel" was maintained in the lower part of Broadway. It was located a few doors below Wall Street, extended from Broadway to New Street, and the name of the proprietor was "Blancard."

At this hotel Mr. O'Doemall was sometimes a boarder, but at all times a visitor. The "Globe" was the home of many distinguished Englishmen, who came to this country to travel, or of English officers on their way to Canada, or on their return from Canada to England.

To this hotel came an English lieutenant-colonel, with his wife. He was on his way to Canada, and had arrived in the city in the month of January. It was bitter cold weather. His

name was Clairfoot. Among the first acquaintances he made was Mr. O'Doemall. The latter gentleman in the most disinterested manner informed Colonel Clairfoot that the weather was so cold in Canada that he stood in danger of freezing to death. This had no effect, so far as the colonel was concerned, but it alarmed him on account of his wife, and he became anxious that she should not accompany him; and the more so as his stay in Canada was not positively determined. He might be able to get through the military business with which he was entrusted in a few weeks, and he might be detained months. In the latter case, he knew that he could speedily send to his wife to join him in Canada, whenever he might be located for any length of time. When Colonel Clairfoot had decided upon this course, he consulted with his friend O'Doemall in reference to procuring handsome apartments in a private house. He did not like the idea of leaving his wife at a public hotel. Mr. O'Doemall soon procured the desired quarters for the lady, and to them the colonel removed. The house was a boarding-house in Chambers Street, and the colonel had taken the whole of the second

floor for his lady. She was a peer's daughter, and, of course, a lady in her own right. She was a very fine showy Englishwoman—not over twenty-five years of age, while the colonel was a man who had nearly reached fifty. In the course of the proceedings, O'Doemall had been introduced to Lady Clairfoot, and when the colonel left for Canada he partly entrusted her to the care of his friend O'Doemall, who on his part promised to do all and every thing that could possibly conduce to the comfort of the lady. The colonel started for Canada quite satisfied with his arrangements. His wife had money in her own right when he married her, besides ample funds left with her by the colonel for her own use. She had brought a letter of credit upon the agents of the Rothschilds for three thousand pounds sterling. A knowledge of these facts had been picked up by O'Doemall, and no sooner had his friend the colonel started for the North, than O'Doemall went adroitly to work to carry out his plans and purposes, whatever they may have been. He found out the weak points of Lady Clairfoot in a very short space of time. He soon managed to get up a quarrel between her

ladyship and the family in whose house she had rooms, while he apparently was the pacificator and friend of the landlady. The lady was induced to have her meals in her own apartments, and Mr. O'Doemall continued to be a regular visitor both at the dinner hour and at tea, for hardly an evening passed that he did not escort her to a place of public amusement. After the play was over, Lady Clairfoot—who was extravagantly fond of a good hearty supper, which she could not get in her boarding-house — would accompany O'Doemall to "Taylor's," "Thompson's," or some other well-known restaurant. She was gay and lively, perfectly innocent, and somewhat independent, and just the person with whom a gentlemanly unprincipled rascal like O'Doemall could make rapid headway.

Fortunately, for the success of Mr. O'Doemall's efforts to victimize the worthy lady, her husband was detained in Canada from day to day, and as he was not a great letter writer, and expected to return speedily, he did not write his lady at all.

It is useless to conjecture the arts used by such a man as O'Doemall to destroy a woman, but

in the end Lady Helen fell a victim to his arts, and for a while O'Doemall was able to live handsomely upon the money he contrived to cajole from her. But in the midst of his success Mr. O'Doemall was not asleep in reference to Colonel Clairfoot. He felt guilty, and knew there would be a terrible reckoning when the colonel made his appearance in New York, and was informed of the facts. He kept Mr. James constantly employed in seeking news of the colonel's movements. He himself changed his haunts, and when he had obtained and secured two thousand pounds, and had, besides, seven hundred dollars in cash, he made up his mind to abandon the lady, and quit the city until the storm blew over.

One of his haunts was the Shakespeare Restaurant, then kept by Windust. Here he was found by Mr. James one morning quite intoxicated, and utterly incapable of taking care of himself. Mr. James informed him that Colonel Clairfoot had reached New York, and was at the "Globe Hotel." This alarming news produced no effect upon the hearer, except to make him extremely pugnacious. He was at once desirous to go and fight Colonel Clairfoot, and avenge his wrongs and protect

Lady Helen. Luckily, he was too drunk to get off his chair, or to walk across the bar-room without assistance.

Mr. James was in a quandary. He dreaded an explosion or an explanation, for he was fearful that he should be called upon to disgorge, or perhaps explain before a magistrate his share in the infamous seduction and plunder of the English lady.

Under these circumstances he passed into the street, hoping to find assistance. He had not proceeded more than a block before he encountered Marion Monck. O'Doemall had once introduced Mr. James to Marion, and now he renewed the acquaintance. Marion received his advance somewhat coldly; he knew nothing of Mr. James, except as a friend of Mr. O'Doemall, and since the robbery of Colonel William MacNeil he had been unable to free his mind from an impression that O'Doemall was the robber, and indirectly the assassin of the Colonel. Mr. James asked Marion if he was disposed to do an act of kindness for one who had been friendly to him when sick.

"Most certainly. Who is he? and where is he?" inquired Marion.

"It is Mr. O'Doemall; he is down in Windust's

cellar, extremely drunk. And that is not all; he has been drinking for several weeks, and unless he is placed under immediate restraint, I fear he will injure himself or some one else: he is now so drunk he cannot stand. He has plenty of money about him," observed Mr. James.

Marion was about to say, "Send him to the hospital," when poor MacNeil's hasty fate crossed his mind, and he hesitated. "Has he nobody to look after him?" he asked.

"Not a soul but me," replied James.

Marion thought that Mr. James was not a very trustworthy friend, and he at once offered his services. "Take me to O'Doemall," he said. The two descended to the cellar where O'Doemall was seated, his head lying upon the table.

"Hullo, old fellow, what is wrong with you? Wake up and speak to your friends. Mr. O'Doemall, I say," said Marion.

The drunken man roused up. "I tell you I have not got the lady's money," said O'Doemall, and then recognizing Marion, who had spoken to him, and who was shaking him, he added, "Why, Marion, is that you? I have not seen you for ages. What is out?"

"Nothing out, O'Doemall, except yourself, You are all out. You are drunk. You must go with me," added Marion.

"Mr. James, will you clear out, and leave me with my friend Monck?" said O'Doemall.

Mr. James went to the extreme end of the room.

"That is a most infernal rascal, Marion Monck; have a care of him. I am sober—quite sober. You don't believe it. Very well. I have got a great deal of money with me. Count that,"—and as Mr. O'Doemall said this he pulled out bill after bill, and when one pocket was emptied he tried another; and when Marion finished counting the money so placed upon the table, he observed, "Why, O'Doemall, you have over six hundred dollars with you. It is not safe to carry such a large amount with you."

"I know it. I wish you to take it, and keep it for me. Will you oblige me? You are as safe as the Bank of England. That's a good fellow. I am not sober, and I am not drunk. I have not slept for many nights. I have been worried very much," said O'Doemall.

Marion took all the money except the surplus

over the six hundred, which he handed to O'Doemall. "I will keep it, O'Doemall, but something must be done for you. You are very ill. The fact is, you require good nursing, or you will die," said Marion.

"I am perfectly aware of it," replied O'Doemall. "Can't you take me to some nice place—in the country, for instance, where I can be out of the way until I get well? You can pay the shot out of my money."

Marion agreed to the proposal. He went at once to Mr. James, and told him his plans. Mr. James was delighted. "Nothing could be better," he exclaimed with delight.

Marion did not see what there was to be delighted about, but he told Mr. James to go and engage a carriage to go out a few miles into the country. The carriage came, and O'Doemall and his two friends entered it. Marion handed the driver a ten dollar bill, and told him where to drive and what to do, and shortly after the carriage and its contents were on their way to Bloomingdale. When they reached the gates of the asylum, Mr. O'Doemall was asleep. Marion got out and went up to the building. There he

paid sixty dollars, or three months' board for their patient, whose name was duly entered. Marion Monck fully explained the case, and satisfied the chief physician that it was all right. He then returned to the carriage, and almost immediately it was driven inside and up the main entrance. Servants came out of this country hotel to assist the guest to his quarters. Mr. O'Doemall was woke up. He gazed at Marion, then at the hotel. Memory recalled a part of his previous conversation, and he exclaimed with glee, "Ah, you have done as I requested. Got me a country hotel. Where is it? What's the name of the place? Let's go in and get a drink, and then I will go to bed."

They entered the hall. O'Doemall began to notice some things. It was too late. "Goodbye," said Marion; "I will come and see you in a few days."

"I say. Stop. What does this mean? Keep your hands off me,"—and with a hundred oaths and protestations and requests to be let loose, Mr. O'Doemall was sent, or rather dragged to his apartments. He was a patient in the "Bloomingdale Asylum," vulgarly called a madhouse.

Marion Monck and Mr. James returned to the city. Had the former dreamed that his humane intentions were to be the means of letting a villain escape from the punishment he so richly merited from a wronged husband, he would have cut off his own hands for the act.

It was so. Colonel Clairfoot made every effort to discover O'Doemall. Mr. James went over to Jersey and stayed three months, to keep out of the way. There was no clue to O'Doemall's retreat. The husband found his wife almost a maniac. He learned how deeply he had been wronged, and how largely she had been robbed of honour and of money. But time was precious. He waited a month to catch the rascal O'Doemall. He was not to be found anywhere. Satisfied that he had escaped his vengeance, the Colonel and his lady returned to England. What became of her was never known by any one on this side of the water. He was heard of some years after, for he committed suicide in the city of Dublin without any apparent cause (so the papers stated that gave an account of the melancholy transaction).

Marion Monck was, of course, ignorant of any

transaction of a guilty nature in which O'Doemall had been engaged. He supposed he had drank to excess, and placed him where he was safe.

A week elapsed before he visited him, and then he hired a carriage, and taking with him the balance of the money left in his hands by O'Doemall, he went out to the Bloomingdale Asylum. That visit and the *finale* of our history of Mr. O'Doemall must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson—Mr. Bennett sends Marion Monck to South Carolina as Correspondent of the "Herald"—Two Months with Mr. Calhoun—Departure from Charleston for New York, and safe Arrival with Mrs. Ferguson.

Rare and unfrequent were the visits that Marion Monck paid to the comfortable residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. He was ever welcomed there by both husband and wife, and it would be difficult to decide why so old a friend did not visit them oftener. There was one reason, however, which Marion hardly understood himself. He was not at home in the presence of Mrs. Wilson. He remembered the young wife of Mr. Nordheim, and there was something he could not forget—and yet He could hardly understand what that something was. The Count Falsechinski, who was a perfect man of the world, had on one occasion enlightened him as to the past feelings of Mrs. Nordheim, but yet he could not reconcile the

opinion with the fact, that the widow Nordheim had married Mr. Wilson.

It was a happy marriage. They had become parents to two children, both boys, and the second one was named "Marion."

Marion Monck had called up one evening, and Mrs. Wilson announced the fact to him in the presence of her husband. "We have named our second darling after you, Marion, and the young gentleman's name is Marion Monck Wilson. We are not unmindful that we owe our happiness to you. Had it not been through your instrumentality I had never known my present lord, and I am grateful, Marion. We only wish that you could point out to us some way in which we could really be useful to you. We desire anxiously to see you settled down in life. You have sown all your wild oats. You have a marked capacity for business; and let me beg of you, dear Marion, to think seriously of what I say. You have not two truer friends in this wide and wicked world than Mr. Wilson and myself." There was feeling expressed in these few words from the lips of the graceful woman, which reminded Marion of old times, and he was affected deeply. He replied—

"If it would give you any pleasure to see me settled, I can only wish that I was in a regular business. I hope soon to be. The Count Falsèchinski has hinted to me an arrangement, by which I shall soon have a partner, with plenty of cash capital. I am under a promise not to mention any names, or I would tell you more."

"That is good news. The count is in a situation to make good any promise that he gives," said Wilson.

"Are you aware, Marion, that we are going to move into the country?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Indeed I was not. To what part of the country are you going?"

"To the Connecticut village, where I staid during the cholera year. We are not going to break up in town. You remember my aunt, Mrs. Ferguson, in Charleston—of course you do; we have written her to come on and make a permanent home with us. She will keep the house in the city, and we shall only be absent during the hot summer months. It is better for the children. Poor boys, I cannot bear to have them cooped up in town, when there is fresh and pure air to be had by a short journey."

When Marion made these visits he was asked all sorts of questions about those persons they had mutually known, and in this manner an evening passed very quickly and happily to all parties.

"Come oftener, Marion," would be added by the lady in the kindest manner when he was leaving, and he would make up his mind that his visits to this delightful family should henceforth be more frequent. But something always turned up to prevent it. He was literally very busy—doing nothing. He wrote occasionally, and he idled still more, but his mind was constantly employed. He would sometimes go to an old haunt and remain there for hours, drinking a solitary glass, and then he would dream out a thousand beautiful thoughts and fancies. He thought much, and though he had no definite plan but to pass away the time, and the stimulus he drank helped out his ideas and thoughts, yet he never wrote them down. He *thought* them, and they pleased him, and were stowed away for use in after years. In these places he saw life. He listened to the conversation of others without mixing in it, and whether these conversations re-

lated to a dog fight or a rise in cotton, he gleaned information.

Sometimes he visited drinking-places where the worst of the male sex congregated, and often had he volunteered to keep the slate when a lot of thieves were raffling for the first chances in the fruits of joint robberies. He was thanked, never molested, and often invited to drink. The slang language of these people, and their motives of conduct, amused him. When he had a few spare dollars he would go to a new spot, where poor, broken-down drunkards congregated, men who had not a copper towards paying for a three cent drink. Here he would pick up and stow away in his iron memory any quantity of useful information. He would treat, and treat, the strange crew until his funds were exhausted, and the men themselves wondered at such folly and extravagance. But he gained his point. He was deeper into the mysteries of life after all such night expeditions.

One lovely April morning, Marion Monck was passing up Nassau Street, when he was met by the editor of the "Herald." The latter asked in his hasty manner—

"Well, are you doing anything?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Will you go South for me?" asked the editor.

"What to do?" asked Marion.

"I wish you to travel through the Southern States, or at least to spend the summer months in your native State, South Carolina, and write me a series of letters giving me all sorts of information—its agriculture, manufactures, society, scenery, great men and little men; in fact, about everything; will you go?"

"I will; when do you wish me to start?" asked Marion.

"At once. Come up to the office and I will give you funds. Leave to-day if you can, and go by the land route to Charleston. From that point I wish you to commence writing me letters," said the editor.

"I will be ready in an hour, and will then come to your office," replied Marion.

"Good morning—that will do," and they parted.

Marion went at once to his boarding-house, packed his trunk, paid his bill, and made arrange-

ments that his trunk should be sent to the Philadelphia depôt at five o'clock.

An hour after he was at the "Herald" office, received the necessary funds from Mr. Bennett for his journey, and general instructions as to what he was to do, and then bade him farewell.

Marion Monck was delighted with the prospect of leaving New York; he was sick of the city, and beside the prospect of several months to be passed away in pleasant travel, he was to see his parents once more, after an absence of many years. He did not bid any one good-bye, but wrote a note to Count Falsechinski, and another to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, informing them of his purpose.

The journey was a pleasant one, passing through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and Wilmington, North Carolina, by land, and thence to Charleston by steamboat. He reached Charleston the fourth day after leaving New York. The next day he went up to the residence of his parents at Monck's Corners. To give any idea of the reception he met with there would vastly exceed our limits. He found his parents and aunty older, but still hale and

hearty, and in the most independent circumstances. He did not leave his home for two weeks, and then he returned to Charleston, and commenced writing letters to the "Herald." These letters made a sensation at the time. They were all signed "Commissioner," and dated Charleston, Augusta, Columbia, Camden, Greenville, Sparta, Glen Springs, Unionville, Winsboro', Cæsar's Head, Flat Rock, and other points of interest in the State, not excepting Fort Hill, near Pendleton, the residence and home of the great Calhoun. There Marion spent two months, for he was an especial favourite of the great statesman. These letters can all be found in the old files of the "Herald." There were six published in the "London Herald," written by "Commissioner," who was Marion Monck, and who wrote these letters as *flyers*. The series, if collected and bound in a volume, would have a great run, for it is now no secret, that in writing these letters Marion had assistance from the highest source in the State. Mr. Calhoun himself furnished most of the ideas (and some were brilliant) for these Southern letters.

While a resident at Mr. Calhoun's mansion,

Marion Monck became acquainted with a lady and her daughter who were up on a visit to the great statesman's family—in fact, were distantly related. The young girl was not twelve years of age, and a regular wild one. She would ride with ease the most skittish horse on Mr. Calhoun's plantation, and would drive into Pendleton and back again in a buggy, with perfect safety. When she rode about the place, or visited any of the neighbours, she rarely troubled the negroes to open gates for her, but made her horse leap the various fences.

"That tom-boy will break her neck," exclaimed Mrs. Calhoun, on one occasion, as "Cara" came full tilt with her horse over the fence of the door yard. Mr. Calhoun was also on the piazza of his residence, standing by the side of his wife, and was a witness to the feat.

"Don't call her tom-boy. It is not a proper title. I like to see it. Cara by such exercises is developing her physical powers, and one day will be able to become such a wife and mother as God intended women to be. There is no weak, sickly effeminacy about her, engendered by being shut up in a parlour, without pure air or healthy exer-

cise. I like to see a girl educated in that manner. It is an education worth more to her and to society than it is even to be able to read and write, if she could not have both physical and mental education."

Marion listened with interest to these remarks about a little girl that he escorted to various places, leading her by the hand. These remarks probably led him in after years, when Mr. Calhoun had descended to the tomb, to make this *ci-devant* little girl "Cara" Mrs. Monck. But we are getting on too fast with our story.

It was late in October before Marion Monck had finished the tour to South Carolina. Then he returned to Monck's Corners, and spent another happy month with his parents. His father was extremely anxious that he should give up New York and remain at home.

"You have seen the world, my son. Why not now settle down and live at home? We are not rich, but we have every comfort that a reasonable young man can desire. Where else can you find more substantial happiness?"

It was all in vain. Marion's mind was made up, and no inducement held out by his father

could persuade him to give up for a moment his long dream of ambition, which was to succeed as a merchant in New York.

"I will make a spoon or spoil a horn in that city," was Marion's quiet rejoinder, quoting a favourite axiom of his father.

"You say, Marion, that you desire to go into business in New York. Let mother and I make up what capital you need. By selling cattle and stock of various kinds, and adding to it some bank stock that we have put by, we could give you some seven or eight thousand dollars, and not miss it much if you were to lose it all," said his father.

"God bless you, dear father. I would not touch your hard earnings if it was to be the means of making me as rich as all the Ravenels and old Wade Hamptons to boot. No—don't say a word about it. I shall not starve in New York, and I may succeed," said Marion.

"And if you do succeed, my son, what does it all amount to? You can't eat any more—you can't drink any more—you can't sleep any more, if you succeed, as you call it, and get to be worth millions, than you can up here at Monck's Cor-

ners in our own comfortable homestead, which will be all yours when we die. Besides, there is no such hunting in New York city as here. There are no such deer—there are no such wild turkeys; and you can catch more fish in the Santee Canal and Biggin Creek in half an hour than you can catch in the New York waters in a week," exclaimed the honest old father.

Marion laughed and replied, "True as gospel, my dear father; and you might have added, there are no such live oaks in any New York door-yard as there are about this house—no such magnificent forests, and all that. Still I must try my luck in the city for a while longer. I should stagnate here—die from actual want of something to do."

"A wilful man will have his way," replied the elder Monck, and left Marion, while he went to look after his horses.

The mother, who loved her son devotedly, was equally unsuccessful in her endeavours to persuade him to give up New York, and settle at Monck's Corners. When the time came for his departure, both parents accompanied him to Charleston, and did not return to Monck's

Corners until Marion had sailed for New York.

While in Charleston, Marion called on his early friend, Mrs. Ferguson. She was delighted to see him once more, and he expressed his gratitude for the success which her letter of introduction many years previous had brought to him. The good lady said—

"I have sold out everything, and am ready to go to New York to live with Bessy. She has written for me."

"So she told me before I left New York. In fact, I had no idea that I should find you here. Why not go on to New York with me?" said Marion.

"I certainly will do so if you will take charge of me," was the reply of the worthy landlady.

It was so arranged, and Marion secured a passage for Mrs. Ferguson on board the ship "Saluda." They had a pleasant passage to New York, and when the ship reached the dock Marion hired a carriage, and conveyed the lady to the residence of Mrs. Wilson, her niece. He remained only long enough to shake hands, and then went to the "Herald" office, where he found Mr. Bennett.

He was cordially received.

"Capital letters you sent me. I published every one of them. They were very interesting," observed the editor.

"I am very glad that they pleased you. I should have sent you more, but I was detained several weeks at Mr. Calhoun's residence," added Marion.

"I am not disappointed. What money have you received while you were absent?"

"Just enough to pay my current expenses. I have not been very extravagant," replied Marion.

Mr. Bennett took a slip of paper, wrote a few words upon it, and handed it to Marion, observing, at the same time, "How would you like to go to Washington?"

"I don't know at present. I have to see a person, and then I will tell you," replied Marion.

"Very well. Call upon me when your mind is made up," said Mr. Bennett, and Marion left him to go with the slip of paper to the cashier. It was for three hundred and fifty dollars. When Marion had pocketed the money, he said to himself, "Well, that is not bad, considering that I

have had some fun. In fact, I did not expect to receive a cent, and am rather surprised at the liberal amount. The fifty must answer my needs, and so I will invest the three hundred in a check on Charleston."

He went at once to the office of Spofford and Tileston, large merchants engaged in the cotton trade. There he bought a draft on Charleston for three hundred dollars, made payable to "Henry Monck," or order. When Mr. Tileston saw the name, he asked Marion if he was not the author of the letters from the South signed "Commissioner?" Marion hesitated before he gave a reply.

"Mr. Bennett told me so," added Mr. Tileston.

"Then I shall not deny it, if that is the case. I did write the letters," said Marion.

"And extremely interesting they were. I am glad to meet with you," said the merchant.

When Marion took his leave he went up to his old Spanish boarding-house, and re-took his room. His pretty senorita friends, Inez and Isabella, were delighted to see him, and he was glad to see them. He at once wrote a letter to his father, after the following fashion :—

"NEW YORK, *Dec.* 1, 18—.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I am safe back in the great city that you so honestly detest. I was agreeably surprised on my arrival to find that my Southern letters have proved to be worth three hundred and fifty dollars. The fifty dollars I shall spend; the three hundred dollars I do not need. When I was last with you, I noticed that you were very anxious to own the magnificent stallion "Santee," belonging to your friend Schopman. The price asked was three hundred dollars. The enclosed order will just pay for that horse, and I beg you will consider it a gift from your affectionate son. Give my love to mother and to aunt Mary, and give a pound of tobacco to Mann, Phillis, and Daddy Jemmy respectively. They will appreciate tobacco more than a love message.

"Your affectionate son,

"MARION MONCK."

When Marion had finished this document, he enclosed the draft in it, and then mailed it himself at the post-office. Then he went up town, where he met a friend who told him that he had been earnestly sought after by the Count Falsechinski. So Marion left a card at the residence of Mr. Grasper, for the Count was not at home when he called. Then he went around town to places where he was known, and at a late hour returned to his boarding-house.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Count Falsechinski's Position—Scene at Breakfast—Meets Walter Granville—Scene with Clara—Pitt Granville becomes insane, and is taken to the Bloomingdale Asylum.

Few persons could be found who appeared to enjoy life and his position with more satisfaction than the Count Adolph Falsechinski. Everything that he had meddled with had turned out successfully from the moment he met Marion Monck. If he gambled he became a heavy winner. He sought a clerkship, and it gave him habits of business, and a position; he taught languages, and he made money and valuable acquaintances; he speculated in stocks and doubled his money—in real estate, and it brought him a fortune. He married, and obtained beauty, dignity, rich relations, and a large amount of cash; and even while these successes were being achieved by his own diligence and exertions, his patriotic brother died, leaving him the head of an

old noble family in Poland; and a slight fine restored to him his title of Count, and the estates unincumbered.

After his marriage with Miss Grasper, the Count travelled with his bride for several weeks. On their return to the city they made their residence at the granite palace of Mr. Grasper. The Count had won the heart of the old gentleman, who became more pleased with the match as he became better acquainted with the sterling qualities of his son-in-law. The Countess became devotedly attached to her husband; he was kind and attentive, and his devotion did not end with the honeymoon—he commanded respect wherever he went, and every hour's intimacy taught the bride to respect more and more her lord and master.

Over the mind of Francis Grasper, his brother-in-law, the Count was not long in obtaining a complete mastery. The former admired the latter as much as one man could possibly admire another, and was pleased to have him for his relative. He made his sister happy, and what more could be desired?

"Frank, I wish you to go and dine with me

to-day where we can be alone to ourselves," said the Count one morning, when all were assembled at breakfast.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure; when and where shall it be?"

"At Delmonico's, time three o'clock," and turning to the old gentleman, he added, "The fact is, Mr. Grasper, I have a place for Frank which I think he will like, and after I have made sure of it by a private conversation with him, I will explain the matter to you. I detest seeing a fine young fellow like Frank, although he may come into a fortune some day, without any visible means of exertion. I should like to see him employed—useful, doing something."

"Count, you have hit my ideas precisely. To tell you the truth, I would like to have Frank do something for himself—he is quite old enough to settle down. If you can arrange it, you will oblige me very much."

"Then do not forget your own appointment, Frank; and now I must leave you."

With this sudden closing, the Count passed into the street and wended his way down town, stopping at Centre Street, in the hope of meeting

Marion, or of learning his whereabouts. Although he did not find Marion, he discovered a person whom he remembered very well, notwithstanding his features were altered. It was Walter Granville, smoking a cigar and drinking a glass of hot toddy. Somewhat fiercely he addressed the Count.

"Well, Count, you have got up a little higher in the world than when I first knew you. Then I believe you taught languages?"

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my profession, when I had the honour to teach a lady who is now, I believe, Mrs. Walter Granville," and the Count bowed.

"Yes, you did teach my wife, and I am much obliged to you. A good many of our old friends have stepped out since I first met you."

"Colonel MacNeil is dead—Mr. Nordheim is dead—your uncle Thomas is dead. Yes, we all have to die. Have you seen your father?"

"No, I have not; he does not trouble his head about me, and I see no reason why I should fret about him. They say you are rich, Count. Is it so?" asked the young man.

"I am not poor, and I am not ashamed under my altered circumstances, to say I was once very

poor. Can I be of any service to you, Mr. Walter?"

"Not a bit, not a particle—I can steer my own canoe: will you take a drink?"

"Excuse me, I rarely drink in the morning, and I must hurry down town; good morning, sir;" and with these few words the Count took his departure.

"That is a proud, haughty cuss; he was once humble enough, but he has pluck and I like him. I wish my old governor would kick the bucket, and then I would hold up my head as high as any of them," muttered the son to himself, after the Count's departure. "Jemmy, give me another drink. I wonder what the devil keeps Harry away so long. Sure he has not been here, eh?"

"I am certain he has not been here, and he will probably be along soon. Who was your friend that just went out?" asked the bar tender.

"That is a real live Count—the Count Falsechinski—and he has got the brads, too," was the reply.

"I saw him give Colonel MacNeil a hundred dollars one day—it was just before the Colonel died," said Jemmy.

"The deuce you did—why, what claim had the Colonel on the Count?"

"I do not know, but the fact is as I tell you. There is your friend Robinson."

At this moment Henry Robinson entered the store from the rear, and without a word took a chair and seated himself by Walter Granville.

"What the Old Nick makes you look so moody; anything gone wrong?" inquired Walter.

"Yes, everything seems to me wrong. I have just called on your wife. I am getting too much in her debt. It is a shame, but I can't help it. Rose, poor thing, is an awful expense, but she can't help it. I was obliged to get funds from Mrs. Granville this morning."

"Well, that is all right. Did she shell out freely, or hesitate?" asked Walter.

"Not in the least, and I do not like riding a free horse to death, when I have rich relatives of my own. I told Mrs. Granville so this morning, and asked her advice. She gave me a plan to work upon, and curse me if I don't try it on. I am going to have an interview with my parents —what do you think of that?"

"If Clara—my wife, I mean—has suggested a

plan, it is a good one. She is clever. What an infernal shame that such a woman should ever have been ——. Blame it, I cannot pronounce the word when I am speaking of my own wife. But she is honest now, and the old devil we live with!—ain't she a sanctified old sinner? don't mention it," said Walter.

"I shall try the plan, and if it succeeds you shall know all about it. If it does not, there is no harm done. Answer me one question. Do you think Rose would pass for a Spanish girl?"

"Blame me if I don't think she would. If she only spoke Spanish you could not tell her from a genuine pretty senorita—black hair and eyes, and all that sort of thing."

These two young men continued together for some hours, drinking and smoking, until Walter was "pretty tight."

"Harry, I shall not see you very often after this. I think you will get all right with your parents—if so, the less you see of me the better, and the less Rose has to do with Clara the better. In fact, old fellow, don't think hard of me if I should soon be among the missing. This getting money from a woman as I do, is not the thing for

me. I shall cut it before a great while, and then I am off to sea again. I like independence."

"But your wife—what will she do?"

"She be blamed. She has always taken care of herself without me, and can do it again. Not a word about what I have said to you to her," observed Walter Granville.

He parted with Robinson at the door of the grog-shop, and went at once to his wife's apartment in Bond Street. When he entered the room, he flung himself upon the sofa, saying, "How are you, Clara? All alone, eh? That is right."

"Beast," was hissed through the lady's teeth, and then she continued, "Walter Granville, you are drunk again. In fact, it is nothing but drunk from morning until night. I will put up with it no longer. Either stop it or quit," said Clara, firmly.

"Quit—that's the word, is it?" Walter raised himself upon the sofa. Then he sat up. "Quit—is it to be? You inveigled me into a marriage, and now because I try to drown my degradation in drink, you want to cry 'quit,'"—and as he said this he sprung at her, and closing his hands about her neck, he choked her until he himself

got scared, for when he removed his hands she sank down upon the sofa without sense or motion. He stepped to the washstand, seized a jug of water, and threw the entire contents over her person, drenching her completely. "Now live or die, curse you. I don't care which. I ought to kill you, and rid the world of a female devil. Would to God I had never seen you, and I hope that to-night is the last that I shall spend within a thousand miles of you. You are getting round again, eh?" exclaimed Walter.

Clara opened her eyes and gazed at him. "Walter, I did not expect this from you. You hurt me cruelly," she exclaimed.

"Did I? It will do you good—teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head, for it is a bit of a foretaste of what I will do with you if ever I put my hands about you again in real anger. I would choke you as I would a bad hen. You spoke of parting. I am ready. What have you got to say to it?" asked Walter.

"I was only vexed for a moment, dear Walter. I did not mean to hurt your feelings. You know I love you, and have tried to be a good faithful wife to you," said Clara, weeping.

"Oh, fol-de-rol, I say. I am going in earnest, old gal, and it's no use talking. If you have got any spare change, give it to me, for I shall never ask you again. I am going to be independent, if I ain't anything else," continued Walter.

It was in vain that Mrs. Granville remonstrated, begged, and even prayed Walter to remain. Threaten him she dare not do, after the experience she had had of his choking propensities. She handed him her purse. He took from it a few dollars, and handed the rest back to her.

"I want a rig and enough to carry me to Alexandria. There I am going to ship before the mast in a vessel bound round the Horn. That is between you and me. The fact is, you will hear of my death in about a fortnight. Then you can play the gay widow, and no fear of my ever turning up again. I will do you that justice, for if ever I do come this way, it will be years hence, and under some assumed name. Keep up a stout heart. It's no use talking, Clara. It has got to be as I have said. You are tired of me. I am tired of you. That is honest. If I stay here all your money won't keep me from a drunkard's

death. It will force it on me. Now let us part friends," said Walter.

Clara was for once in her life affected. She knew the determined will of Walter Granville. She knew that she should see him no more—that he was going to sea on a long voyage. She burst into tears.

"Oh, Walter, I cannot bear this. Do not go, or take me with you."

"Nonsense. Now mark my words. You will see my death in the papers before long. I want to be dead to all here. But I tell you there will not be a word of truth in it. I shall continue to live under some assumed name. Now good-bye. No nonsense." Saying this he was about to leave when he seemed to remember something. He then said, "Clara, if you have one tender spot for poor Walter, and want to do me a kindness, lend a helping hand to Harry Robinson and Rose"—and before she could reply he was out of the room, down the stairs, and in the street. What direction he took after leaving her she never heard.

More than a fortnight elapsed before she heard any more of him. Then a notice appeared

in the morning paper, copied from a Philadelphia paper. It was as follows:—

"Walter Granville, a sailor on board the ship 'Liberty,' was lost overboard on the 17th inst. The ship was dropping down the river, and had anchored near Wilmington. The body was not recovered. The young sailor was a son of Mr. Pitt Granville, an eminent New York merchant."

Clara read and re-read the article. "He has complied with a part of his promise. I suppose he went ashore at Wilmington, and then proceeded on to Alexandria by railroad," she thought aloud. But there was one house in which that article was read where its effects were fearful. It reached No. 9, State Street, and was read by W. Pitt Granville. He at once screamed with laughter. Then he called the rest of the family; read the announcement of his son's death, making, at the same time, the most ludicrous grimaces. He said it was "funny," "rare sport," "Walter was always fond of swimming," "better to be drowned than married." He was not violent, but his mind had failed—or, at least, had temporarily given way.

Colonel Benson came, and his son also. Mr. Granville was insane. There was no question

about it. Physicians were called in. A person was appointed to take temporary charge of him, until some permanent provision could be made to cure him if possible, or, at least, for his safety, should his madness assume a violent form.

It was found that Mr. Granville was, at times, quite insane, and on one of his sane days he himself proposed that his friends should take him to the Bloomingdale Asylum. This was eventually done.

CHAPTER XV.

Marion Monck pays a second visit to Mr. O'Doemall, in the Bloomingdale Asylum — Curious Fun among Mad People—Surprising number of Respectable Rich People in that Asylum—Arrival of Pitt Granville at the Institution — Mr. O'Doemall comes out—Invests his ten thousand dollars, and leaves New York—His Villanies.

When Marion Monck paid a second visit to the Bloomingdale Asylum, he found the patient, Mr. O'Doemall, quite convalescent. As soon as he saw Marion approach, he shook his head pleasantly, and exclaimed, "Ah, you precious fellow, are you not ashamed of yourself to have trapped me into a madhouse so nicely. Country hotel, eh?"

"I do not think I could have acted better for your own good than I did. You were in a shocking state, perfectly incompetent to take care of yourself, and I did precisely as I would

have wished a real friend to act for me. Are you under any restraint now?" asked Marion.

"None whatever. I needed sleep, and I obtained it the second night. What a horrible thing this drink is! The medical genius has had to keep me under lock and key for two days. Now tell me the circumstances under which you brought me here. I have a faint recollection of them, but am not clear," replied O'Doemall.

Marion related the manner in which he met O'Doemall at Windust's cellar, his interview with Mr. James, and the receipt of money; and added, "You seemed perfectly cool. You counted your money. By the bye, I wish you to relieve me of further charge in the matter. I received six hundred dollars; I paid out hack hire ten, and three months' board here for you is sixty dollars more, and here is five hundred and thirty."

Here he handed O'Doemall that sum, who counted it deliberately, and observed—

"All as right as a twist. It is not every man that would have acted in this manner, but I flatter myself, Mr. Monck, that I understand human character pretty well. That Mr. James

would have robbed me of every cent, and cleared out. By the bye, where is that precious chap? I wish you to answer me another question. Does anybody beside you and James know that I am here?"

"Not a soul. James has left New York from some cause or another, and has gone over to Jersey. He left his address in case you wished to write him, and told me to tell you that there was an English mad dog in New York, and that you had better keep from being bit by keeping out of the way," said Marion.

"Ah, yes, I understand—the mad dog I suppose is liquor. It has bit me, and I will keep out of the way. I rather like this place, and as my board is paid, I shall stay some weeks, or until my nerves get so strong that I can resist the temptation to drink. What do you think of it? It is rather discreditable to be in a madhouse, but as no one of my city friends is aware that I am here, my character is safe, eh?" said Mr. O'Doemall, who had very powerful reasons for keeping shady. He deceived Marion completely, and the latter replied to him—

"The very best thing that you can do. Your

business will not suffer, and your health will be really benefited. I will do anything that I can for you in the city."

"Thank you. There is but one thing you can do. I wish you to call at Blancard's Globe Hotel, and ascertain if Colonel Clairfoot is stopping there. If you find that he is, or that he is in New York, I want you to ascertain when he leaves the city for England or Canada. I will do as much for you if I ever have the chance. In making inquiries about the Colonel, do not let any one know why you ask about him, and promise me that you will not cover me with eternal disgrace by letting a soul know that I am in this mad-pen, or in existence. Will you promise me that much?" asked O'Doemall.

"With all my heart. Not a living soul shall be aware that you are alive, from my lips," replied the good-natured and unsuspicious Marion, who had no idea that placing O'Doemall in the asylum had saved his life, perhaps in more ways than one. It certainly was a secure and unsuspected refuge for the guilty man; for Colonel Clairfoot had applied to the police for aid to discover O'Doemall, and the city

had been searched from one end to the other.

"What sort of a time have you had here? Do the keepers treat you well?" asked Marion.

"Like a prince; and it is the funniest institution on Manhattan Island. Of course I am not mad; but all these people are as mad as March hares, and yet are unconscious of it. Now we have all sorts of amusements—a billiard table, a nine-pin alley—and these mad chaps go and have a game. Fancy my going to play nine-pins with one of them! I made a match to play a 'pony game.' It all went on very well for some time, until I noticed that my opponent hesitated. He held in his hand a good-sized pony ball, and his eyes began to flash fire. 'I am Jupiter, the Thunderer. Look out for my thunder, mortal!' and he fixed his frenzied eyes upon me, and lifted up the pony menacingly. You can bet high that the mortal sloped, and I ran out the back way as fast as my legs would carry me; but I was chased for some distance by Jupiter the Thunderer, who let fly a pony ball that whizzed within an inch of my head. If it had hit me, my brains would have been scat-

tered. One of the alarm-keepers heard the noise, and Jupiter was seized, made fast, and carried to a private apartment, where he might thunder as much as he pleased, but where his thunder could not take the shape of an iron-wood pony ball.

"I frequently walk about these beautiful grounds, and enjoy the pure air. I meet on such occasions both ladies and gentlemen. Of course they are mad, or they would not be here. You are apt, however, to forget the fact. Yesterday a gentleman met me in one of my walks, and as he came opposite to me he raised his hat in the most respectful manner, observed that it was a fine day, and wished to know if he could serve me. Upon my soul, I took him to be one of the physicians or board of directors, as the latter frequently come here, and I turned to join him in his walk. I asked him many questions, and he answered them all with marked politeness. He was an amiable fellow. Finally he asked me to come and take a seat in an arbour. I complied; and had no sooner done so, than he placed himself in the open doorway, and asked, 'Do you know me?' 'I suppose I do. You

are doubtless one of the managers or board of directors.' He began to regard me rather more savagely than I liked, and replied, 'Wrong, sir. I am one of the board of directors of heaven. I am the Archangel Gabriel, and I will scorch you up like a feather with one of my wings, if you move;' and with this he began to use one of his flippers like a wing. I started to get out, but he sprang upon me like a wild cat, uttering, with a most fearful yell, 'Wretch—you murdered my brother angel!' I did get out—how, I don't exactly know; but I left the Archangel Gabriel with the claret flowing down his face pretty freely. I am somewhat given to pugilism, and the poor maniac got a sample of it. But the cases I have mentioned, Mr. Monck, are the quiet, gentle mad people. Oh, if you want to see the bad ones, go up where they chain them, and lock them up in cells. You can see frightful cases enough there, if you wish," continued Mr. O'Doemall.

"I have seen quite enough: I have no wish to make a more intimate acquaintance with any of the species of madness. But can you go out when you please?" asked Marion.

"Certainly; if you are once pronounced sane.

I could go out with you in five minutes, if you wished. How do you do, Mr. Foster?"

This was addressed to a very gentlemanly-looking man, nearly sixty years old, who approached them. O'Doemall introduced Marion. The three conversed for some time, and then Mr. Foster left them.

"Good God!" said Marion, "I know him well. Why, he is a large merchant in South Street. Is it possible that he is mad? Why, he has a family—keeps a carriage, and has a pew in Dr. Spring's church!"

"The very same man, Mr. Monck; and if he were to give you a check at this moment for twenty thousand dollars, it would be paid like winking. He is perfectly sane now," said O'Doemall.

"Then how, in the arch fiend's name, does he happen to be here?" asked Marion.

"Because he has drunk his wine at dinner for years. He has drunk his brandy and water of an evening, and he is liable to the same tumble as meaner men. Feather beds won't give him sleep when his blood is half alcohol. As soon as his family perceive what is coming on, they send him

up here for a week or a fortnight, and give out in the city that he is sick. When he gets well, he remains up here several days longer than is necessary. He is a little ashamed of it, but will soon get over that. If he was to kick the bucket up here, nothing would be said about it, and his corpse would be sent down to his own house. At this moment there are thirty cases of delirium tremens in the Bloomingdale Asylum of men of wealth and standing in society; professors, merchants, lawyers, judges, and even drinking physicians, are cured temporarily here. It costs but sixty dollars, and a ride in a hack. Men frequently come here in their own carriages, brought by their wives, sons, or brothers," said O'Doemall.

"I am somewhat surprised, I assure you. Can it be true?" asked Marion.

"Don't trust to me. Get in with the officials of the establishment, or watch with your own eyes, and you will meet men here that it would be an honour to know elsewhere. Poor devils that drink and get delirious go to the Tombs, Almshouse, and Hospital. The rich and respected in society, who can pay sixty dollars and not feel it,

come here to get cured, and silence is the watch-word for all such cases."

The two persons had now approached near the main entrance, and Marion asked Mr. O'Doemall if he had any commands in town. The reply was in the negative.

"I do not want anybody living to know that I am here. I am not quite well, and I shall remain here until my general health is completely restored. Come and see me as often as you can, but do not be surprised if I am not out of this for some weeks."

While they were conversing, a carriage, or rather two carriages, drove up to the main gate.

"Some new customer for the madhouse," observed O'Doemall.

Neither spoke for some time, until Colonel Benson and his son Middleton came out of the first carriage.

"As I live, there is Colonel Benson," said Marion, and added, "I will wait, and see who those people are."

A moment after a well-known physician came from the carriage, leading another man. In a moment he was visible.

"The mad chap is Mr. Granville, as I am a sinner. There is no mistake about it," said O'Doemall.

From the second carriage came Mrs. Benson, and Isabella Benson, and Mrs. Wilson. The group entered the gate, and proceeded to the asylum.

"A regular family party," said O'Doemall.

"Walter Granville's death has done the work for his poor old father," added Marion.

"Is Walter Granville dead? That is news to me. When did he die?" asked O'Doemall.

"He was drowned from a ship in the Delaware river," replied Marion.

The two followed the procession up to the asylum, and after Mr. Granville had been disposed of, and his friends had returned to New York, Marion made inquiries of the superintendent. He ascertained that the physicians had pronounced the case of Mr. Granville to be a melancholy species of insanity, and that being uncertain what form it might take, it had been deemed advisable to place him under a mild restraint, and where he could have the best of mad medical advice.

It may be as well here to state that Mr. Granville continued to reside at the asylum for months, and then for years. He confided the closing up of his affairs to his son-in-law and Colonel Benson. He signed his own papers in liquidation, and even the cheques with which he paid his quarterly dues of sixty dollars were signed by himself. When he wishes to leave the asylum, he does so, and not unfrequently, after a visit of two or three days to the city, his own carriage conveys him back to the asylum. He is never violent, but for days is quietly insane. He is still wealthy, for his business was closed up, and his capital invested in real estates and stocks in his own name. His daughter treats him the same as in his palmiest days. His grandchildren are objects of his deepest love, and he never speaks of his son but in a sentence of two words, "Poor Walter."

To return to Mr. O'Doemall and Marion. They commented freely as they walked about the grounds after Mr. Granville had been received upon his insanity. Marion was unable to realize the fact. He was so many years with that merchant, and respected him so highly, it seemed im-

possible he could fall from his lofty position. He was abruptly startled from his reflection by the voice of O'Doemall.

"That sweetheart of yours, Miss Isabel, is quite a little ugly old woman. I suppose seeing her has touched a soft spot, eh?"

"Not at all. I am pained to see the head of the family inside of these walls, and I am sorry that his daughter should be a witness of her father's incarceration. But she has shown that she has filial feeling in her heart by coming here with him, and I respect her the more for so doing," observed Marion, quietly.

"I have no wish to hurry you, but it is time for you to go. The hour of visitors is passed," said O'Doemall.

Marion bade him good-bye, left the asylum, and returned to town.

It was some days before he could execute the commission of Mr. O'Doemall in reference to Colonel Clairfoot. When he returned to the asylum he carried with him a newspaper, in which, among the list of passengers by a packet-ship that had sailed for Liverpool, were found the names of the Colonel and Lady Helen Clair-

foot. When O'Doemall read this, he asked Marion if he came out in a carriage. The reply was in the affirmative.

"Then I will return to the city with you. I am quite well."

Marion had no objection to offer, and the two came to the city in the same carriage. O'Doemall ordered the coachman to drop him at the "Waverly," an hotel on the corner of Broadway and Exchange Street.

With Mr. O'Doemall our story will soon finish. New York got too hot for him. He had committed acts that, fairly investigated, would have sent him to the State Prison. He had escaped the immediate danger from his wrongs to Lady Helen Clairfoot, but how soon an avenger might return and hold him to a stern account was not to be calculated upon. With such dangers staring him in the face, he made up his mind to leave New York for a time, if not for ever. He called upon the respectable firm with whom he had deposited ten thousand dollars, being a portion of the money he had robbed from Lady Helen. He requested the firm to obtain for him ten certificates of deposit in the Bank of New York,

payable to his order, for one thousand dollars each, and he called and left his signature at the bank, and received the ten certificates. Armed with this sum and the ready cash he had about him, he left New York without a word to a living man or woman as to his destination.

He was seen not many months afterwards in the streets of New Orleans by one who had known him in New York, and still later, when the California excitement broke out, a vessel said to be owned by him left New Orleans for San Francisco, in California. He arrived there in safety, and sold the ship. His adventures in that gold region were of a spirited character, and if ever they are published, if his character did not change from what it was in New York, they will be a chapter of rogueries, rascalities, and villanies unequalled in any annals save the volumes of the English Newgate Calendar.

CHAPTER XVI.

Henry Robinson introduces Rose to his Parents—Clara Norris Granville Returns to her Farm in Sussex—Her Parents, Brother, and Sister—Reflections upon the Career of Clara.

Henry Robinson did not rest long after his conversation with Walter Granville before he put the plan he had proposed into operation. He called upon his parents. They were delighted to once more behold their truant son. The mother gave way at once, and clasped him in her arms. All was forgotten and forgiven. The father hesitated, but as he looked at his son, more manly than ever, and bronzed by exposure and hardships, he too forgave, and all was well.

"Now, Harry, will you give up all your follies, stay at home, and be a good boy?"

"Father, I will; but I am no hypocrite. Mother, join with me in asking forgiveness for one act more. I have concealed it, but I will do so no longer. In my travels in South

America at one of the ports of Peru, I met with a lovely girl. She loved me. She was an orphan. She abandoned home, and came with me to America. I have married her. I could not do less. Will you forgive me? Say but this. Receive my Rosa, and I will do all that you wish me to do. She is at an hotel waiting for your decision. Forgive me this act, for it brings you a lovely daughter, as well as a repentant son."

Long and painful was the suspense. Then Mr. Robinson inquired if she was of good family?

"The best; but all her relations are dead. She has now no one but her husband to love,—and—if you forgive me, then she will have two good parents to love and respect, as I do," said Harry, and he knelt to his parents and bowed his head almost to the carpet.

"Does she speak English?" asked the father.

"She does. I have taught it to her, and made her pledge her solemn word that she will not speak a word of Spanish for two years. This will make your son forget that she is a Spanish girl."

"Harry, we forgive you. Go at once, and

bring your wife here. We will receive her with open arms. Mother, you agree to this, eh ?"

Of course the mother agreed to it, and Harry hurried off for his wife. When he reached her, and informed her of all that had occurred, she shrank from the task. "Oh, if they should find me out. I cannot speak Spanish," pleaded Rose.

"I have told them that you have promised not to do so for two years, so that you will have to keep from Spanish for that length of time," laughingly observed Harry.

At last poor Rose was equipped properly for the expedition. Her baggage was packed, and she entered the carriage that was to convey her to the house of her husband's parents with a shrinking, palpitating heart. She was beautiful, and Harry, as he clasped her to his heart, whispered words of encouragement and endearment at the same moment.

Again he entered his father's doors; and leaning on his arm was the pretty but confused trembler. They entered the parlour, and the fair girl was kissed and embraced by both parents. It was a happy day. That night, before the family retired, Henry was called into a room by his father.

"You have sown your wild oats, I hope, Harry. You have married a charming wife, and, you dog, if you don't make her happy, I will never forgive you. You must go into business. I know a large broker who needs a partner and capital. I will furnish you as his partner, and the necessary capital. Do you agree to it, my son?"

"I agree, dear father, to anything you propose. I can only regret that I ever disobeyed you in anything," said Henry, with real feeling.

"Let all that pass. Your wife is a lady if she is Spanish. I can see that she has got the old Hidalgo blood in her veins; make her happy, you dog," said the father.

The happy husband was once more upon his feet. His father placed him in business, and rented and furnished a house for him. The son devoted himself to business, became in due time a parent, and in a sweet domestic home found happiness and respect. He made money in business, his wife becoming an ornament to society; and few who witnessed the Spanish beauty, dressed in white, with her long dark hair, and covered with diamonds, as she appeared in the parlour at a large party, knew that she had ever been an "outcast"

in New York. No one knew it but Clara Norris and Mrs. Woodruff. The latter knew very little about Rose or her husband; and though she once met the beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Robinson, she never dreamed that she had known her as Clara's friend Rose.

The change in her position in life never leaked out, and if it had, it could never have been proved. As years rolled on, Robinson felt more at ease, and when his father died, leaving him a splendid fortune, he feared no longer.

This ends his connection or that of Rose with our story. We must now return to Clara Granville. Her advice had led to this happy result.

The melancholy intelligence that Walter Granville had been drowned was no sooner communicated to his wife Clara Norris than she prepared to make the most of it.

Properly handled, it would add to her respectability in one quarter, and that was at her home in Sussex County, New Jersey. She caused his death to be noticed in all the Jersey newspapers, as she had on the occasion of her marriage had a notice to that effect widely circulated. The widow Clara Granville had a large

quantity of the most suitable mourning dresses made, and in that regard her conduct was unexceptionable. When the dresses were finished, she took her departure from New York for Sussex County.

She did not for one instant believe that Walter was dead. She knew better, but it suited her plans and purposes to act as if he were.

This woman was still gloriously beautiful. She had not lost one charm. Age seemed in her case to improve all that she originally possessed. She had taken the greatest care of her person and her health; she dressed with elegance, and aimed at the simplicity and innocence of a girl of sixteen.

It has been mentioned to her credit that one of her first acts, so soon as she had the means, was to elevate and place her parents in an independent position. This she had accomplished. She had purchased a large and valuable farm, and stocked it well with cattle and agricultural implements. Her father had proved an excellent farmer, and in nine years he had almost doubled its value.

Clara had a brother and sister named James

and Augusta. These children when she left home were respectively six and eight years old. The boy James was the eldest. Clara herself was but fifteen when Mr. Nordheim removed her from her home; she was twenty-five when she returned thither a widow—but oh, to what a different home! And the new home was of her own creating. She had sent both brother and sister away from home—the one to a Female Academy at Newark, and the other was now a student in Princeton College. James was a handsome, intelligent young fellow, and Augusta was a full-grown girl of sixteen, and as handsome as Clara was at that age, and they strongly resembled each other.

The home to which Clara resorted when she became a widow we will attempt to describe. It was a large mansion, with plenty of out-buildings, many of them erected by Clara's orders. In front of the residence was a level lawn, consisting of about twelve acres, and at the edge of this lawn was a fresh-water lake of fifty acres, filled with fish of every kind. There was a bridge at the outlet of this lake, and crossing this bridge you drove for some distance on the main road, pass-

ing through fields of corn, grain, clover, and pasture grounds, the latter filled with cows of the best stock. You descended a hill, and then came to another valley. At the side of the main road at the foot of the hill was a gate which opened into a side private road. This led to the mansion, which was located about a quarter of a mile from the main road. As you drove to the house by this private road, you passed barns, and carriage, tool, chicken, and cow houses, and then came to two artificial fish-ponds. A little farther on was a large spring, ten feet deep, surrounded by willows whose roots helped to strengthen the dam of the spring over which poured the pure cold water, making a fall of several feet. This water, glistening in the sun's rays, was a sight worth seeing. It formed a little brook which meandered through the meadow we have described, and emptied into the lake.

To the north of the dwelling were large orchards, and in all directions were fruit trees of every description. A hundred white ducks were swimming on the lake, and as many geese sporting in the brook. The garden was well laid out and filled with rare flowers. The poultry

was of choice breeds, and had been selected by Clara in New York. She had also made her purchases of waggons, bridles, harnesses and saddles, and sent them up. In the stables or in the fields were several valuable horses. Nothing was wanting—and when the widow reached her home and looked abroad over the beautiful scene from the piazza, and felt that she had created all this, she said to herself, "Well, well, if I have been what the world calls bad, I have not lived in vain —I have made others happy." Then she tripped down to the large dairy house, which was built of stone, and stood upon one corner of the spring, and drank buttermilk, while she looked at the revolving water-wheel which was turned by the water from the spring, and churned all the butter made in that dairy.

She was listening to the music of the falling water when her lovely sister came down the road with a pail of milk. As she left the dairy, Augusta came and stood by her sister upon the large flat stone by the brook.

"Dear, darling Clara, how beautiful you look. But what makes you cry—do you miss brother? Oh, he will be here in a few days, and then we

will all be so happy. How I should have liked to have seen my brother-in-law, Mr. Granville. But he is dead—and I, a foolish girl, ask you why you weep. Come, dearest, the spray from the water will wet you through; come and take a stroll down to the lake, and I will unfasten the boat and row you out. I can row the boat as well as brother."

Clara threw her arms around the waist of the fair speaker, and accompanied her to the lake. There was on it a beautiful boat, which Clara had sent up the year previous: she entered it, and her sister rowed her into the middle of the lake. Not a wavelet disturbed that mirror of glassy water, so calm and still. Not a sound was heard except the chirping of some bird, or the lowing of some cow.

The sun had just set. Clara sat motionless in the boat, and at last she spoke.

Dear sister, here ought to be happiness, as there is peace. Oh, I will never leave this place again. I have been in the world—seen its hypocrisy, frivolity, and heartlessness. Here is home, and true, fond, loving hearts. No, I will never leave you more. Now, darling, row the boat ashore,

and we will go up to the house. The dew is falling fast, and I am not used to it."

The fair young sister complied, and they landed, and walked linked in each other's embrace up to the house. There the evening meal was ready, and Clara partook of it with a silent happiness she had never known before.

Clara Norris owed her salvation and success to one fact, her love for her parents and her brother and sister. Her sin was great, but it was redeeming. She did good to others, and first to her own household.

We shall leave her in her country home with every material for future happiness, and nothing to mar it but the unpleasant memory of the past.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Count Falsechinski dines at Delmonico's with his brother-in-law—Proposes that he should be a Merchant and go into business with Marion Monck—The Count seeks out Marion—Tea at Mr. Grasper's—The affair arranged—Marion Monck calls upon Mr. Bennett at the Astor House—Mr. Bennett's opinion of the London "Times" and Journalism generally.

DELMONICO'S establishment was at the corner of Beaver and William-street, and the Count Falsechinski met his brother-in-law Francis Grasper at the appointed hour, as agreed upon at breakfast. The Count was there in advance of young Grasper, and he occupied his time until the latter arrived in the coffee-room of that famed and still famous establishment. A dinner had been ordered in a private room. When Francis arrived they both repaired to the room, and soup was soon placed before them.

"Brother of mine, I don't feel much like dining, and I did not fix upon a dinner as a means of very great enjoyment, but rather as a means

of securing your time and attention, while I open to you a plan that I think you will be pleased with," observed the Count.

"I am quite sure, Count, that I shall be pleased with any project you should suggest for my advantage. I know you have my good at heart, and I know you would propose nothing that would not be pleasant to me," said young Grasper.

"Do not be too sure of that, my amiable brother, but listen to me. The American people must have something to do, if they would be respected. You may be as rich as Crœsus, or your father—it won't answer for respectable purposes, unless you do something in this country, where people *all* work. People ask, 'Who is that young man?' They also ask, 'What does he do?' To the first question, the reply, 'He is the son of the President of the United States, or of John Smith,' is alike unsatisfactory, unless the second is properly answered. If the reply to the second should happen to he, 'Oh, he does nothing,' it is tantamount to saying, 'Oh, he is a natural born fool, and has got nothing to do, for he is incompetent to do anything.' A man,

particularly a young man, has no position if he is idle, no matter what his means may be. He had better open an oyster saloon, a cigar shop, or a penny milk depôt. He must do something. What do you say to that, Francis? Am I not correct?" asked the Count.

"You are not only correct, but I have already experienced its truth. Many a time have I been asked, 'What business are you in?' and when I have replied, 'I am in no business,' the question has been repeated in a different form: 'Clerking it yet?' and when I have said, 'No, I am not a clerk;' there has been a pause, as though I had insinuated that I lived by petty larceny, or something that was criminal. You are right, Count, I need something to do. What is it you have to propose?" asked young Grasper.

"My dear Francis, are you willing to become a lawyer?" asked the Count.

"No," replied Francis.

"A doctor?" asked the Count.

"No, no," replied Francis.

"A parson?" asked the Count.

"No, no, no. Worse and worse," replied Francis.

"Then, my dear fellow, there is only one decent employment left. Will you consent to be a merchant?"

"What sort of a merchant—a dry goods, shoe store, silks, groceries?" asked the youth.

"No—none of these. They are mere shop-keepers, not merchants. I mean a merchant in the largest and most extensive meaning of the word. To do a business with foreign ports—to export and import cargoes. To sell cargoes, and foreign or domestic produce on commission. To own ships, and send them laden to the ports of the world, and bring back return cargoes. That is the kind of merchant I mean," said the Count.

"And that sort of business, Count, would suit me to a nicety. But how am I to get into any such large concern?" asked young Grasper.

"You need a partner. Now I have in view a young man like yourself, only several years older. He has no capital, but he has business capacity of the highest order. He is capable of conducting just such a business as I have described," said the Count.

"What is his name? Do I know him?" asked Grasper, jun.

"His name is Marion Monck. He was for many years in the counting-rooms of Granville and Nordheim. There are very few young men more capable of successfully carrying on a large business than my young friend. He has no capital, but if you think you and he could get along as partners, I will give him a capital, and there will be no trouble in getting your father to give you a still larger capital," observed the Count.

Young Grasper reflected a few moments, and then replied—

"I am perfectly willing to go into such a partnership for the purpose of doing the commercial business you have described, but I am not at all acquainted with it. Would Mr. Monck be content with such a commercial ignoramus as I should prove to be for a partner," asked Francis Grasper.

"I have no doubt of it. He would of course understand that you could not regulate business, or conduct it as he could now do. But you would learn in time to do that. I know you possess perseverance, and have nothing to interfere with a devotion to your new business. I thought I

would have a free and frank conversation with you before I said anything definite to my young friend Monck, or to your father. Now if you will say that you would like to try the experiment, I will go to work and complete all the necessary arrangements," said the Count.

"Then I say at once, go ahead. I am willing to place myself in your hands, and am really quite anxious to see my partner that is to be," said Francis Grasper.

"Let us finish our dinner, then, and go and find Mr. Monck. He has been absent in the South for some time, or I should have proposed this matter to you long ago. He has been back a few weeks. I have seen him but two or three times since," observed the Count.

The brothers-in-law finished their dinner at Delmonico's, and then went to look after Marion Monck. They went to his boarding-house and to several of his haunts, but did not succeed in finding him while they were in company. At last the Count proposed that young Grasper should leave him, and that he would seek Marion Monck alone. As soon as Francis had gone home, the Count turned down town, and went to

46, Centre Street, and not finding Marion there, he took a seat, and waited. He had not to wait long. The young man he was seeking soon entered, and frankly extending his hand to the Count, observed—

"Well, Count, I am glad to see you; for it affords me an opportunity for thanking you for past kindness, and to say, at the same time, that I am obliged to ask you to be more definite in the proposal that you have hinted to me. I know you have my interest at heart. I have received a proposal to leave the city and to write letters to a leading newspaper this winter; so if you have not something for me to do, I shall accept it."

Marion hesitated as he made this communication, but the Count relieved his mind at once.

"Well, Marion, hear what I have to say, and then decide. I owe you a debt of gratitude that money cannot repay. I know that you are ambitious to get into mercantile business. I have had a plan for this a long time, but I was unable to carry it out until last spring, and then you were gone South before I knew it. I would furnish you with money freely, but I know also that you

accept it reluctantly, and I doubt whether you would have done that had you not supposed I was paying to keep you along for purposes of my own. So I was. Now let me explain my design. I have a brother-in-law, a fine young fellow—his name is Francis Grasper. Did you ever see him?" said the Count.

"Very frequently. I know him by sight, although I have no particular acquaintance with him," replied Marion.

"I wish to put this young man in business with you. He is intelligent, but inexperienced. What do you say to it?" asked the Count.

"How can I go into business? I have no capital—and he would not go into partnership with a young man penniless, like me," said Marion.

"I am not so sure of that, my young friend; but be that as it may be, I am not going to let you go into business without capital. How much capital would it require to do a safe and successful commission business—have you any idea?" asked the Count.

"I have, sir, because it is a subject I have thought deeply about. If I was to go into busi-

ness, and had thirty thousand dollars, we could do a smashing business," replied Marion.

"I hope you will not do a *smashing* business —that would be bad. But seriously. You shall have thirty thousand dollars. I will give you ten thousand dollars, and this sum, with your superior business abilities, shall be deemed equal to twenty thousand dollars, which Frank shall put in the concern, or rather his father shall put in for him. Now, sir, consider this matter as arranged. Does it meet your views?" asked the Count.

"I can hardly speak, Count—I do not know what to say. Yet if you think I shall not disappoint your expectations, I will cheerfully enter into a partnership so much to my benefit, and I will do the best I can. My whole soul shall be in the work," observed Marion Monck, very earnestly.

"My dear boy, I do not doubt it for a moment. You will succeed, I am sure; but if you do not, it will not be a great loss to any one but yourself. I can afford to lose ten times ten thousand dollars, and not feel it; and even if you do not succeed, old Mr. Grasper would pay willingly that sum to see his son in business with a

good partner. Is it a bargain?" asked the Count.

"Decidedly, so far as I am concerned," said Marion.

"Then you must go up with me to Mr. Grasper's. Francis has been hunting with me for you for several hours, and went home expecting you would come up as soon as I found you."

"But, my dear Count, I am not exactly fit for a visit," said Marion.

"Bah! Come with me and make no apologies. You will be welcome. We go to talk business, and not to a dress ball. Come along."

Thus urged by the Count, Marion made no further refusal, but walked up to the grand palace of the Count's father-in-law.

"Is Mr. Francis Grasper in?" was his first inquiry, after they reached the house.

"He is, sir," replied the servant; and followed by Marion, the Count passed into the parlour, where the object of their search was seated by one of the windows. He received Marion in the most cordial manner.

"I will leave you two young gentlemen to get

acquainted. Francis, I have agreed to give Marion Monck ten thousand dollars. You don't know quite as much about business as he does, and so your worthy father must make it up by giving you twice that amount. I will go and see him. Make Marion remain to tea. I wish to introduce him to the senior Mr. Grasper."

With these words the Count passed out of the apartment to an office, where he found his father-in-law. To him the Count explained his plans. They were at once cordially embraced by the old financier. At the tea-table Marion Monck was introduced to the old gentleman, and to the rest of the family. All were pleased, and ere he left, he had made an appointment to meet young Grasper early in the morning, to arrange further matters in reference to the new commercial establishment.

When he left the house of Mr. Grasper it seemed to Marion that all must be a dream. He could hardly realize the fact that, from being almost without a dollar, in a few days he would be a partner of a "firm" worth thirty thousand dollars. "But I must not forget old friends while I am making new ones, and I will call upon Mr. Bennett on my way down and decline his

kind offer." With this intention he stopped at the "Astor." The editor of the "Herald" had recently married, and with his young bride was stopping at the Astor House. Marion Monck called to pay his respects and express his good wishes for the happiness of the new-married pair, and to decline the offer of going to Washington. He was introduced to Mrs. Bennett, and enjoyed a pleasant chat with the fair dame. Other visitors entered and occupied the attention of the lady, and Marion had Mr. Bennett to himself. He thanked the editor for his kindness, and for his fair offers for the future, but added, "I have been so long an apprentice to commerce that I have no ambition to succeed as a writer. I have had an offer to go into partnership under very favourable auspices. My partner has capital and connections, and is a very amiable young man."

"I certainly wish you success; but I have my fears. I think that there is a great uncertainty about a merchant's success, and the day may come when you will regret not having made up your mind to connect yourself permanently with the business of journalism," said Mr. Bennett.

"It may be so; but the position of a merchant is much more creditable than even that of a newspaper writer," was Marion's reply.

"Simply because the position and power of the pen is not yet properly appreciated. What is his power in the world who can merely count that two and two are four, and that twice four are eight, and goes on to make or lose money on that basis—who knows how to eat, drink and sleep, and carry on a routine business—when placed in comparison with the man who writes articles that are read and will tell upon the minds of thousands?—of a man who can make public opinion, or who can direct it, where it does exist, into healthful channels? Such a man in reality should hold a far higher position than the so-called merchant or successful shopkeeper. Look at the circulation of the 'Herald.' It issues over ten thousand copies, and is read by at least one hundred thousand persons. Yet it has only commenced its existence. I will increase its circulation to ten times what it now is, before many years are passed; and it will command an influence upon this continent equal, if not superior to, what the 'London Times' now does in Europe.

Few people understand the true theory of journalism. *I* am but a pupil in it. When I started the 'Herald' I thought I had no more to learn. Every day convinces me that I do not even now know anything. Not a day passes but I acquire some new knowledge of my profession, and I suppose I shall continue to learn as long as I live."

Marion made no reply for some time to a prophecy uttered by the editor, for he did not then appreciate its force. He asked a question, "How can you make the 'Herald' as successful as the 'London Times?' That paper is a stock concern, and is very rich."

"It was started and placed on its present footing by the mind of one man—John Walters. He stocked it—that is true—but he divided the stock among his own family, and the income is enormous. The family, or the stock-holders, rarely interfere with the course of the 'Times.' It is edited by a man who never writes a line for its columns, while he superintends the matter for the paper, and rejects or admits the editorials written by the most powerful writers in England," said Mr. Bennett.

"Why does not the powerful editor write himself?" asked Marion, with some curiosity.

"Simply that it is human nature for a writer to harp upon one subject too long. He runs it into the ground. An editor who is a clever, judicious man, and who does not write himself, becomes impatient with the writings of others. He has no hobby of his own, and his rejections of articles from the pens of the principal writers give no offence and excite no disaffection, because there is evidently no jealousy on the part of the chief editor. His decisions are wise and prudent ones. Before I leave the 'Herald,' it shall be equally well and firmly established, so that when I die it can walk along alone to fulfil its destiny. Now you try merchandizing, Marion, but mark my words, you will not succeed, and when you get sick of your mercantile ambition come back to me. You have talent, and will succeed as a newspaper writer. It has been my opinion for years. I have tried to develope the genius you possess, and I have at least made you aware of the fact that you *do* possess it. Some day it will come out, and I hold it to be a great pity that you do not commence at once, instead of wasting

your time in the shipping or any other commercial business. See who is right in the long run." Thus spoke Mr. Bennett, and his words sown there produced fruit in after years, but not until a long series of mercantile losses and disasters had made Marion Monck sensible that the editor was right.

Marion left him that evening with feelings of the truest respect and esteem, and was almost convinced that the best course he could pursue would be to refuse the kind offer of the Count Falsechinski. But—

> "There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we may."

Marion's destiny seemed to be a merchant's life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Conclusion:

The lady who has figured in these pages as Mrs. Woodruff, continued respected by those who did *not* know her well, and retained her standing in society, and in the religious community into which her unparalleled impudence had forced her.

Her establishment was the most choice and the most distinguished of any in the city of New York. It had no equal. Her management was such that she never came in contact with the authorities, and she had among her acquaintances and friends many persons high in official power and influence, who would have protected her from harm had complaints ever been made against her. Such was never the case, however; and now that years have passed, she is still as flourishing as ever.

We must now return to Marion and the Count. The meeting between Marion and Francis Grasper

was satisfactory to both—and after several days the basis of the partnership had been arranged to their mutual satisfaction. Of course it was equally satisfactory to their respective friends. Mr. Wilson had been consulted by Marion, and his advice was of great service to the new beginners as merchants on their own hook.

The Count Falsechinski paid in a cash capital of ten thousand dollars for Marion Monck, and Mr. Grasper paid in the sum of twenty thousand dollars for his son. This was the cash capital of "Monck and Grasper," and on the first day of January, 18—, they commenced a general commission and commercial business. Their office and counting-room was in Broadway, near Beaver Street.

No young house ever started under more favourable auspices—they had a sufficient cash capital, and thanks to the elder Grasper, who wrote to all his business correspondents in different parts of the States and in Europe, they formed commercial connections of the strongest kind.

The Count had determined to leave New York with his wife immediately after Francis and

Marion had commenced business. It was further decided that young Grasper should accompany them, and after his arrival that he should visit the principal ports in Europe, and endeavour to secure business to the New York firm of Monck and Grasper. This plan fully met the views of his partner, and also was approved by the senior Grasper. Old Mr. Prime was consulted, and consented to become one of the references of the firm.

Our history will now leave Marion Monck settled firmly in his seat as a merchant in New York. He had been through a great variety of good and evil fortune, and had withstood the temptation of both. He was twenty-five years old—ambitious, energetic, and determined. He had a good share of commercial experience—enough to justify his taking the charge of a commercial house. One of his most valuable counsellors was Mr. Wilson, who came daily to the counting-room of his young friend Marion.

After the departure of Count Falsechinski, his wife, and Francis Grasper, the old Mr. Grasper never failed to call and see how the young Marion Monck, his son's partner, was succeeding.

We shall not continue the history of our hero beyond this point; he had succeeded in establishing himself as a merchant, and that is the second of the four great epochs of every man's life.

The other characters in this work have all been fairly disposed of — and in tracing out their various careers, a deep impressive moral may be drawn in each case.

Colonel Benson and his lady were in the enjoyment of all those blessings which wealth confers, induced by a fair and easy conscience.

Middleton Benson was a steady, prosperous, and prudent merchant. His wife, Isabella Granville that was, became devoted to him, an excellent mother to the children, and quite a domestic woman in her way. No tidings had ever reached her of her brother, since his death had been announced in the newspapers.

The old gentleman, Pitt Granville, continued to be busy about his affairs, an inmate of the Asylum at Bloomingdale, where he could receive medical treatment when his quiet fits of insanity made their appearance.

From his parents Marion Monck heard frequently. They lived on in their quiet Southern

home, glad to hear of his success in getting into business, but profoundly ignorant of its advantages. His aunt Mary had become a very scientific woman, and frequently wrote to her nephew on such subjects—although he would have valued her letters more had they quoted the price of Sea Island or upland cotton.

Mrs. Tom Granville resided in Baltimore, and rarely troubled her head about the Granville relations. She was divorced from Tom by a double divorce—the Maryland Legislature was the author of one, and grim Death of the second. She called herself a widow, and spent a great portion of her time in the city of Washington, where she was one of the most influential politicians. A bill could be got through both houses of Congress with more ease with her aid than without it—consequently she became a very popular and a very useful woman in legislative affairs.

Old Josiah Cubson, the laughing Englishman, settled on Staten Island, and became the father of a baker's dozen of daughters.

The widow Gaillard, after her husband's death remained in South Carolina with her mother-in-law, devoting herself to the education of her son.

Her father, Colonel Benson, visited her occasionally.

The two Peruvian girls, with whom Marion Monck was a great favourite, returned to Peru, where they married revolutionary generals—and as their husbands were shot within a year after their respective marriages, they became widows.

Forty-six Centre Street was broken up by the death of its proprietor, and is now a second-hand furniture store. Jemmy the bar-keeper got a situation on the Police.

Of the descendant of the old Dutchman Van Hagen, we have given a full narrative up to the hour when we leave him a merchant in New York, where he must "do or die."

Their subsequent career must be the subject of a future volume, should it ever be written.

THE END.

HARRILD, PRINTER, LONDON.

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